HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

NOTWITHSTANDING the denunciations of a portion of the press, and more especially of the "Times," which assumes to be the leading journal of Europe, the speculative mania which characterised the year 184—, in all parts of the country, had not only not ceased, but had even increased to an extent that had not been equalled in the generation which it had visited.

That the mania had been exceeded in former seasons, is well known, and particularly by the South Sea bubble of 17—, in which the most extravagant scenes that have been ever witnessed occurred; but certainly the railway mania of 184— exceeded all others in the present century. Other speculative periods brought forward fully as visionary schemes, and perhaps more so than those of 184—, but in this latter year, the numbers engaged and the capital proposed to be embarked far exceeded those of many preceding years: few persons escaped its contagion,—all seemed to be infected by it, and all the capital in the country seemed to have been poured out into the lap of the presiding demon of the Stock Exchange. Hundreds, there can be no doubt, who had had their monies safely stored for years past, now brought it forward and cast it forth into the troubled waters of speculation.

It is curious, and would be amusing—but for the reflection that many were brought to ruin by these speculations—to contemplate the periodical return of these strange affections of the human mind, which recur at intervals of from fifteen to

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twenty years apart. It is in vain that numerous families have been destroyed by such proceedings;—they are no lesson to the succeeding generation,—they have sunk in the abyss of Time, and the waters of Life have closed over their devoted heads;—they may live, but it is most probably in poverty or in a workhouse;—their warning voice is unheard, except by a few companions as wretched as themselves, who with a callousness peculiar to aged persons scarcely listen to their tales, and often conclude as the narrator closes his story, that "*neighbour Smith is a little disturbed in his head.*"

One can almost fancy an assembly of these once celebrated speculators in the greedy world of Avarice, discussing the recurrence of similar scenes to that which they have themselves passed through; seated round their scanty fire, how they speak of the fools of the present day,—how they rail at the madness of the present age.

"I'll tell you what, neighbour Jones," says the hoary speculator of bygone times, "they may praise the present generation as they will, and talk of the march of intellect as they may, but the men of the present day are silly fellows, and not to be compared to the men of my time. Was there ever any thing so foolish as the way in which they are running mad after railways. I do think if one were to bring out a railway to the moon, that plenty of subscribers would be found to take shares in it."

"There were some foolish people in your time, too," replies his aged companion. "What did'nt they run after,—nearly as bad as railways!—A parcel of mines in Mexico, one half of which had never been heard of before, and the other scarcely worth looking after."

"Those were very different," answered the first. "It is well known that many mines exist in Mexico which are even yet undiscovered, and it only requires means to find out these, when the discoverer will be enriched beyond all expectation."

"Yes! about the same time that the discoverer of the philosopher's stone or of perpetual motion is enriched.—But people are always taken by shadows. and many a man has passed his life in looking after some hidden treasure, which he might have realised had he devoted himself to industrious habits."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you, Mr. Jones;—I know what you are alluding to; I had made a fortune,—my

shares were worth £150,000. which I could have realised any day for a month; when the first bad news came, they fell considerably; even then I could have retired a rich man had, I sold out; but I was misled by a false friend, who told me the news was only a *rusé* of some speculators who wished to purchase; and so led me and others to hold our shares whilst he went and sold his own for anything he could obtain for them.—You knew him well; he was for many years after churchwarden of this parish. I appeal to Mr. Thompson if I am not right."

"That you are; I knew the fellow well; and he passed as a saint by all who knew, or rather did not know him."

"Oh! that is always the way with people," interrupts Mr. Jones, "who speculate beyond their means. They always have their fortunes made, and yet, somehow or other, it slips through their fingers;—we shall hear the same story, by-and-bye, of some of our railway folk, who are now living in fine houses and driving their carriages."

Thus it has always been from the first of Time, and thus it will be to the end of the chapter. One generation raises a bubble, which is pursued with avidity by the public; some few make fortunes, and the vast majority lose—the more designing escape, whilst the more honourable become the victims. A panic occurs; all is consternation; and, for several years, the list of casualties is extravagantly large. Bankrupts, insolvents, and runaway debtors are either seen or heard of in all quarters—the West End of town becomes thinned—numerous suburban villas, which once boasted the possession of highly respectable families, are to let—those who lived as householders settle down into lodgers—the occupant of a first floor resides in the attic, and the former occupant of a fourth story repairs to the workhouse—a succession of changes takes place, and, for a length of time, the waters of society are agitated to the bottom.

Boulogne now becomes thronged with aldermen, private citizens, retired officers, &c. &c., who propose taking up their residence there, for the purpose of learning the French language, or giving to their families the advantages of a French education, or for some very remarkable object of a French character; whereas, the only thing French about the matter is the "leave" which they have taken of their creditors.

But the excuse answers: the parties themselves believe they

are believed, and that they are deceiving their informants, but the only parties deceived are the narrators; but, as the tale is found to be generally useful, it is allowed to pass without very critical examination, and Mr. Skamperoff maintains his self-esteem and the approval of his new acquaiutances as long as he can clear his way in his new abode.

By degrees matters at home become more settled—confidence is restored—a new generation springs up—the deserted houses in Belgrave and Eaton Squares are again occupied, the villas to let are filled once more, and lodgers ascend and descend in the level of their apartments and proportionally in the estimation of society.

Time creeps on, and, "laughing in his sleeve," brings his victims in pursuit of another bubble, another butterfly, and again the same scene recurs. Those who have passed through the trial of other days are careful, and profit by their experience; but, alas! how few are they—twenty-five years have rolled over their heads, and have swept away into the lap of Time their companions in former scenes, with but few exceptions, Perhaps they declaim against the folly of the pursuit and foretell the ruin that will ensue—but they are like the prophets in the wilderness—the Cassandræ of the modern Troy—they are nothing but croakers—no one heeds them—no one believes them. The wheel of Time revolves—the crash comes, and hundreds sink—never to rise again! South-Sea shares, Mexican bonds and Railway scripare the same tales, but differently told.

Shall we moralise upon the subject, and ask ourselves, to what end—for what purpose—do we toil, and pursue wealth, and fame, and power, and name? Of what avail is it now to the fortunate speculator in the South-Sea mania, that he overreached his fellows—that he grew rich on their poverty, and fed well on their distress? What matters it now to the unfortunate, who lost his all, that he was compelled to resign his house, and carriage and horses, and servants, and live in humility and retirement, and spend his days in sorrow?

Dry thy tears, child of misfortune! and cease to mourn, son of mortality! A few years more, and thy sorrows will cease, and he whose lot thou enviest shall be laid with thee in the dust. Thou art born for higher pursuits than those thou followest—for other joys than those thou seekest—for other worlds than those thou delightest in.

Why toil to catch the shadow—why pursue the phantom—why labour to grasp the bubble, which bursts within thy hand, and leaves thee nought but disappointment and despair?

But the railway mania of 184— had reached its height, and was about to receive a check of a most serious character. This could be easily accomplished, as Sir Henry Paul had recently passed a measure in the House of Commons, which had the effect of placing the entire control of the money market in his hands.

Previously to this time, the Bankers of England could issue their own notes to any amount, the only limit being the confidence which the public placed in the stability of the house, and which was increased or diminished as they either increased or diminished the amount: if the value of the notes in circulation was excessive, they sank in public estimation, and their circulation became limited. Thus a natural remedy existed against what would otherwise have been a most serious evil.

The policy of the day, however, was centralisation, and the Bankers of England were numbered amongst its victims. Some of them resisted the measure as proposed by Sir Henry Paul; but the wily minister having baited his trap with a little cheese, the men of money fell into the snare, and were caught in the meshes of the political net.

For a short time, matters went on smoothly enough; the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street was most agreeable, and advanced to the banking interest in the most satisfactory manner; but the time was approaching when the bankers were to taste a little of the bitters as well as the sweets of the measure which they had allowed to pass, and to feel the smarting of the rod they had all but cut with their own hands.

Sir Henry Paul determined to pull the strings, and set his machinery in motion; the pretext for so doing was the railway mania, but the real cause was of a very different nature.

At this period, our relations with America were anything but satisfactory; the greediness of brother Jonathan, not unlike that of his sire, was all but insatiable: not satisfied with having dispossessed the Indian tribes of their provinces by means of intoxicating liquors, bullets, and treaties, and driven them to destruction on to the far west, by which they mean the west where the sun sets, the limits of which have

not yet been generally agreed upon; not content with the possession of more land than they could possibly cultivate, and with the production of agricultural produce vastly beyond what they could consume, or dispose of, turned their eyes westward to the Pacific Ocean, northwards to Canada, and southwards to the Mexican Gulf, and some assert, in an easterly direction across the Atlantic, and longed for the plains of Oregon and Yucatan.

As money was necessary, however, to carry their plans into execution, they endeavoured to obtain the desired amount in the London Market: this they might have accomplished, —although the fate of previous American loans and the security of American bonds were not wholly forgotten—were it not for the restriction placed upon the money market by the Minsiter of the day. The powers recently granted to the Bank of England, rendered this an easy matter, as all that was necessary, was, to raise the rate of discount. The simple raising of discount one-half or even one per cent. would be of little importance but for the circumstance that such a declaration on the part of the Bank is an indication that it is the intention of the Directors to restrict the amount of bills discounted by them, and generally speaking to limit their advances to the mercantile and commercial community.

The effect of this announcement on the national interest is evident; the other banks were forced to prepare for this restriction, and to curtail their discounting also. This conduct soon operated upon the commercial community, and a general curtailment of monetary transactions, and a corresponding restriction of trade ensued.

Money immediately became scarce; all began to husband their resources and prepare for the struggle which each felt was to be apprehended, and in the course of a few hours after the public announcement of the increase in the rate of discount on the part of the Bank, the fact became generally known, and public confidence was at an end.

Hundreds, nay thousands were ruined by the measures adopted, apparently by the Bank, but in reality by the Minister of the day.

The effect on the proposed American loan was decisive; the borrowers could meet with no lenders, and their negociations fell to the ground. Crippled thus in their resources, the

American government limited their encroachments, and waved a portion at least of their claims on their western frontier. Their southern neighbours were less powerful than those on the west or north, and the American army was directed towards the Mexican Gulf.

It would be impossible to decide that the occurrences just related stood as cause and effect; but such was the impression on many minds.

A more dangerous power can hardly be entrusted to a Minister, as the commercial world, nay, the whole of society are completely at his mercy, and commercial prosperity may be sacrificed to political expediency. It is idle to depend on ministerial integrity: whatever may be the probity of our present Ministers, history records too many instances of political depravity to permit of any national community placing their fortunes in the hands of others.

Some power of restricting paper circulation, and of repressing speculative mania may be necessary; but these advantages may be obtained without entailing on the country years of difficulty and distress.

One week was sufficient to put an end to the bubbles of the day, and create a panic in society which has been seldom equalled, and the effects of which are felt even to the present hour.

A few months passed over and crushed beneath the chariot wheels of Time many a proud expectant of wealth and greatness,—many a name which ranked with the first and mightiest in the land sunk to nothing, and was only to be seen in the catalogues of ruin that daily met the public eye,—many a heart that once beat high, and rejoiced in the possession of all that this earth can give or take away, sunk beneath a load of grief,—and many a proud spirit that could brook not reproof, became humbled in the dust.

Where are they now? whither have they fled? Their names are heard of no more,—they have sunk in the ocean of life, and the waters of Time have closed over their devoted heads.

The once proud owner of the costly mansion and the noble park now scarcely calls his home his own;—the master has become the servant, and in many instances the inhabitant of the gorgeous palace is now the tenant of the tomb.

Peace, at least, is there,—no longer does the head ache—or the heart throb with pain—or the spirit grieve to despair,—the coffin-boards are the bounds of the once joyous possessor of thousands of acres,—and a few feet of clay afford a resting place to him that once would have grasped the earth itself.

The busy speculators in railways, which were intended to encompass the earth, were to be seen no more,—their once crowded haunts became deserted, and the hall of the Exchange was no longer thronged with the multitude.

Men were to be seen walking fast through the streets, or driving to and fro, with wrinkled brows and furrowed cheeks, their thoughts lay deep in their breasts, but their countenances betrayed their secrets.

They are seen no more,—others have taken their places and pace with hurried steps through the lanes, and alleys, and court-ways of the city,—the outward forms only are changed,—their hopes and fears,—the working of their minds,—and the beating of their hearts—and the racking of their brains are all the same,—THEIR FATE IS SIMILAR!

The panic had reached its height when the cab of Lord Wiltram was seen at an earlier hour than usual at the corner of Lombard Street, and its noble owner was observed to alight and enter the banking-house of Lynn & Co. a few doors distant.

CHAPTER XX.

"THE DAY SUCCEEDS THE NIGHT."

On the day after the ball at Almack's, and many days prior to the occurrence of the events narrated in the last chapter, the mansion occupied by the Countess Millars and family appeared to the early passers-by in Grovesnor Square to have participated in the somnolency of the inhabitants. It is true that an occasional shutter might be seen to open; but this was only an attempt at wakefulness, somewhat resembling the raising of one lid, or the turning round of animated nature, when endeavouring to cast off the soporific influence of Morpheus.

It was full twelve o'clock before the house could be said to be "wide awake," as, by this time, all the shutters had been opened, the blinds raised, and the furniture adjusted in appropriate places. These proceedings are more important than is

generally imagined, and are conducted according to the strictest rules of domestic etiquette. The footman will open only the parlour windows, but has nothing to say to the drawing-room, these are the housemaid's department; the kitchen falls to the lot of the maid, under the superintendence of the cook; and the pantry is exclusively the butler's. If one servant interferes with another's department, the consequences are most serious, the whole domestic economy is disarranged, and a revolution is threatened; the interloper is cut by his acquaintances, is voted a "disagreeable feller," and is frequently expelled from the club usually held at the neighbouring greengrocer's.

The breakfast had been laid for some time in the parlour, but as yet no claimaints made their appearance. The kettle sang as if endeavouring to charm some listener with its syren song to enter the room; the fire burned brightly, for although in the middle of summer, the weather was chilly in the early part of the day; and the "Morning Post" lay on the table, free from the least dampness that might annoy its reader; all inviting some kind individual to enjoy himself at their expense. But still no one entered.

It was evident that something more than usual had occurred; the inmates had been frequently at Almack's, and yet had never been so late in rising on the following morning, they had retired to rest at a reasonable hour—certainly before five o'clock, a.m.—and yet strange to say, it was fast approaching one o'clock, p.m., and not one of the family had yet made their appearance. Even the ladies' maid's bell had not been rung—what could it all mean?

Nothing particular, reader; only what might have occurred in the humblest cottage in England.

The Countess Millars was more than usually fatigued by the exertions of the preceding night; it was her first ball—that is, the first brought out under her patronage, and she had exerted herself to the utmost, that it might pass off with the greatest *eclât*, and, to do her justice, she was quite successful; the company all seemed both delighted and excited; the dowagers, and their kindred spirits of the male sex who sat opposite to them, had played their rubbers with unusual vivacity; the dancers had danced with the greatest vigour, and even the fiddlers had discharged their functions with a degree of enthusiasm seldom excelled and highly worthy of a better cause.

But the ladies, too, were they also fatigued?

By no means: they had never felt less fatigue, and could have danced for twenty-four hours longer. What could have detained them from their breakfast table? Love!

The sisters had arisen at their usual hour, but as yet no symptoms of wakefulness had appeared; they were discussing the events of the preceding night, and canvassing the merits of their suitors; they did not require their maid's assistance in the matter, and hence the state of repose that reigned through the mansion in Grosvenor Square.

But Time rolled on; and at length their maid's attendance was required.

In a short time after, the Lady Madeline and Lady Jane Millars entered the breakfast room.

As soon as the domestics had retired from arranging the table, they again resumed their conversation.

"I certainly do not recollect," said Lady Madeline, "a more agreeable ball; all seemed equally pleased, and I am sure mama exerted herself to the utmost. I hope she has not fatigued herself too much."

"It was the most agreeable that I have ever attended; the band was so excellent, and the refreshments so well arranged."

"Lady Gobble seemed to think so, I thought she would never stop. I am sure she ate at least half-a-dozen ices, two platefuls of jelly, three of blanc-mange, besides several cakes and sweetmeats."

She is quite a disgrace, I declare. I am told she is a perfect miser at home—keeps her servants on board wages, and herself on the meanest food."

"So it is reported; but it is difficult to say whether report is true."

"I was rejoiced that that odious creature, Lord Totter, was not there; but mama, I know, was quite disappointed. Doctor Squill told her the day before that he was better, and expected to be present."

"Oh! I suppose he has got some fresh attack of gout. What a husband he would make to be sure!"

"He shall never be my husband," said Lady Jane Millars: "I shall never marry him. Mama may say or do as she pleases; but I shall never give him my hand, much less my heart—that would indeed be impossible—I detest the wretch."

"Your mind seems to have changed a little, my dear Jane, but a few days previously you said that you would do as mama desired you."

"But I find it now impossible—my mind has changed."

"I think I can tell the cause."

Lady Jane blushed.

"Do not blush, my dear sister. I know of no one whom I should more desire to have as a brother than Sir Harry Britton. He is so handsome and so good-natured, that I almost envy you him. If he had not been so attached to you, and you, my dear, to him, I should almost venture on a siege."

"Say rather, my dear, if you were not already engaged in another siege more agreeable to yourself."

It was now Lady Madeline's turn to blush.

"I am sure Lord Wiltram," continued Lady Jane, "would make a most agreeable husband. I know of no one I should prefer as a brother."

"I must own," said Lady Madeline, "that Lord Wiltram made himself more than usually pleasing last night. He laid aside all his political economy, as he calls it, and he seemed to have forgotten his Modern Philosophy."

"The heart will speak; they say it may be pent up, or bound, or overgrown with false morals, yet a time comes when it bursts all impediments, and speaks aloud."

"We live in an age of deceit—everything is false around us—we smile when the heart is sad—shed tears when excited by false representation, and think, speak, and act under the impulse, not of natural feelings, but of artificial manners: for my part, I long to rend my chains and burst my prison doors, and flee where I may neither see nor hear of such false proceedings—where the dictates of my own breast may meet with response in the breast of others, and where I may no longer be the slave of every fleeting bubble that may call on us to admire and worship its borrowed colours.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who informed them that the Countess Millars was coming to breakfast, and in a few moments her ladyship entered the room.

The Countess Millars was in particularly good spirits—the success which had attended her exertions on the preceding night had been most gratifying to her, and was regarded by her as a complete triumph.

She had hardly seated herself at the breakfast table, when she accosted her daughters by saying:—

"Well, my dears, what did you think of the ball last night!"

"Oh! delightful mama," replied Lady Madeline. "Jane and I have just been speaking of how pleased everyone appeared to be. I am sure there has not been such a ball for many seasons past."

"I am delighted with it, as Lady Snopley endeavoured to prevent its coming off so well; she told all her friends it would be a stupid affair, because she is displeased that she was not elected Lady Patroness instead of me."

"And yet she went herself," said Lady Jane, "I saw her sitting on the sofa in the corner of the white room, looking the very reverse of agreeable, although she was highly rouged and had her new French wig dressed in the most fantastic style."

"She is an envious creature," said the Countess, "and will never be Lady Patroness so long as the Duchess of Plotsden is alive, and so long as I can possibly prevent her."

At this moment a knock was heard at the hall door, followed by a ringing at the vistors' bell; the sounds were characteristic, and the Countess Millars exclaimed:—

"This is Doctor Squill, I am sure, although I did not expect him to call to-day, as he paid us a visit yesterday, but doubtless he has something particular to communicate."

In a few moments the door was opened, and Doctor Squill entered the parlour, having free leave at all seasonable hours by the Countess Millars' desire.

It was evident he had something of moment to communicate, as his visage was of more than usual length, and indicated either something distressing to others, or that he had been prescribing for himself.

Time will reveal all.

THE SIGHS OF A SAILOR.

(FOR MUSIC.)

By W. S. Passmose.

TOM'S ADIEU.

"Good bye, dear Sue, the deep must pour
Its pitiless flood between
Two loving hearts, and I once more
Must quit my bosom's queen!
But grieve not so, the same wide main,
That bears me from thine eye,
Shall waft me to thy side again;
Good bye, dear Sue, good bye!

"One fond, fond kiss, and then, dear Sue,
Yon barque must glide away;
But though I fly from love and you,
I'll ne'er that love betray.
Still, still to me thy form shall soar,
A cheering star on high;
Till I return to sigh no more,
Good bye, dear Sue, good bye!"

SUSAN'S FAREWELL VOW.

"And must you then leave me, dear Tom, once again,
And like the caged linnet that pineth in vain,
To brood o'er my sorrow, to dream that thou'rt tost
Upon the wild waters, or 'neath them thou art lost,
To view in each tempest, a phantom of thee,
Hurled headlong and lifeless upon the dark sea;
Thy absence e'er yields me but sadness and woe,
May Heaven protect thee where'er thou mayst go!

"Farewell, dearest Tom, may the billow restore
The pride of my heart to my bosom once more;
And waft thee in gladness again to thy home,
No more from its joys or thy Susan to roam.

The star that thou sayest shines brightly above,
Shall smile on thee still, for its lustre is love;
It never shall pale, Tom, in sickness or woe,
But fondly protect thee where'er thou mayst go!"

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.—(A SCENA.)

'Twas the midnight watch, and the storm roared on,
With a howl of scorn at the signal gun;
As the struggling fairy plunged and heaved,
And with the deep fought like a thing that lived;
For the tempest-fiend seemed elate with glee.
As he bellowed with joy at the frenzied sea;
And the forked fire hurled at the quiv'ring ship,
That in torture dived with a foaming lip,—
Or breasted his wrath as the mad winds blew,
That mocked every cry of the baffled crew.
In that dreaded hour one harrowing cry
The thunder o'ertopped in its agony:—
"A man o'erboard! help, help! cast loose the boat;
Port helm, port helm! the friendly life-buoy float!
See, see, he drifts astern! great Heav'n look down
In loving-kindness ere our messmate drown!"
The boat they launch, engulphed it quickly sank,
And shriek on shriek rose o'er the wave it drank!
"A man o'erboard!" again that fearful cry,
"A man o'erboard! great God, poor Tom must die!"
"Avast, not yet," a gen'rous sailor cried,
"Rope-end my waist, lads, and I'll dare the tide!"
'Midst the mad waves the gallant seaman dashed,
Just as the last red bolt its fury flashed;
Just as the last wild crash of thunder roared,
The ebon clouds rolled back, the pale moon soared,
While one bright star the drowning man espied,
Just ere the last faint hope within him died;
But that bright planet fired his soul anew,
With giant vigour as he sighed, "'tis Sue!"
Yes, 'twas that star that e'er to him had proved
A cheering vision of the absent loved;
To each round limb a new-born life it gave,
That now sustained him as he smote the wave.

"He's lost!" some cried, "the deep has shrouded from
Our glaring eye-balls all that was poor Tom!"
"He's saved, he's saved!" a brother tar replied,
"See, see, the rescue's struggling at his side!"
"Good cheer, brave heart," his gallant messmates shout,
"Good cheer, good cheer! all's well! strike fearless out!"
An anxious space—one cheerful haul, and then
The brave men trod their fairy home again.
A sailor's thanks poor Tom first warmly poured
To his deliv'rer for the life restored;
Then to that star that cheered him as he lay,
A breathless atom on the mighty spray,—
He calmly raised his tearful eyes, and cried,
In ardent firmness, gratitude, and pride:—
"God bless thee, bright one, to thy vow still true,
In weal or woe, my own, my watchful Sue!"

THE WELCOME HOME.

TOM.

"Again I clasp thee, dearest Sue,
To this light heart of mine;
That ne'er with absence shall renew
The grief that preyed on thine.
Still o'er me shed that light of love,
That cheered me in despair;
And steering for one port above,
We'll strive to anchor there!"

SUE.

"Yes, dear Tom, thy warm embrace,
Doth the friends of woe appal,
Ev'ry fear thy accents chase,
This glad hour atones for all.
Wafted by the breath of love,
You and I will henceforth steer,—
To yon friendly port above,
Trusting both may anchor there!"

THE SPLICING.

HARK ! how the merry-sounding bells,
Peal forth their nuptial chorus ;
And how the joyous Zephyr swells,
The echo wafting o'er us.
It sounds like gentle Hymen's voice,
Dispelling doubt and sadness ;
And bidding two fond hearts rejoice
In one another's gladness !

Oh ! never may you choir divine,
Ring blythely o'er a wooing—
Unless soul-thrilling vows entwine,
The knot there's no undoing.
Then be this aim your constant choice,
To share each other's sadness ;
And ye may fairly claim a voice
In one another's gladness !

AS NATURAL AS NATURE.—There was a rebellious spirit in the Havanese-Italian company of Don Jose Villarino, who are popular in America. One morning during rehearsal at Philadelphia, two of the chorus-singers got up a violent quarrel; Don Jose interfered, and a musician then jumped from the orchestra and snapped a pistol at the manager's head. Probably the weapon was a theatrical "property" ready for theatrical use, for no injury was done, and Don Jose rushed upon the offender, flourishing a stage dagger which he wore in his part. The performers interposed, and again no injury resulted. Don Jose then addressed his troupe, who declared their allegiance to him. "But the joke of the whole performance was, that Alderman Badger, who had been invited by his friend the manager of the Walnut to be present at the rehearsal was highly delighted with the speech of Don Jose—the firing of the pistol—the drawing of the dagger—the wild tumult and confusion—taking it all as a part of the performance. The acting of the performers was so natural—there was such fire and vigour in their looks—that he exclaimed, 'Good heavens ! what artists ! If this be but a rehearsal, what must be the performance ! '"—*New York Mirror.*

CHIVALRY.

By W. Cooke Stafford.

(Concluded from page 240.)

The barriers of a town, we are told by Froisssart, were grand palisades, the grates being about half a foot wide. The mode of attacking and defending them formed part of the education of a knight, and scarcely any siege took place, in the middle ages, without giving rise to a number of combats before the barriers. Many instances of these daring and desperate adventures are narrated by Froissart. In these combats, the battle-axe was frequently used. At the siege of Rennes, in 1347, by the Duke of Lancaster, Froissart tells us that, "there was a young bachelor called Bertrand of Glesmyne, who, during the siege, fought with an Englishman, Sir Nicholas Dagerne. Their engagement was to win three courses with a spear, three strokes with an axe, and three with a dagger. They each bore themselves so valiantly and so adroitly, that they departed from the field without any damage; and they were well regarded, both of them, within and without."

During peace, when the knights' time hung heavy on their hands, and their active spirits lacked employment, they found it in the joust, or tournaments,—the latter of which was invented by Geoffri de Rinti, who died in 1066: at least the Chronicle of Tours ascribes the invention to him, and as they appeared in Germany about the same period, the assertion is probably correct. They were not known in England till after the Norman conquest. There is no description of a tournament extant so vivid as that of the famous passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, given by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." In his "History of Chivalry," Mr. James also describes the tournament; and many other writers give vivid pictures of this mimic war.

Jousts were single combats, when blunt weapons were used: and the *combat á l' outrance*, or to the death, was in fact a duel. Passages at arms differed from general tournaments, inasmuch as a certain number of knights fixed their shields and tents in a particular part or spot of ground, declaring their intention to defend it against all comers. The prince of historians, as far as Chivalry is concerned—Froissart—describes one of these emprises, which was sustained by three gallant French

knights, Boucicant, Reynold de Roy, and Saimpé. They pitched their tents in the marshes of Calais, where they bound themselves to abide thirty days, and to encounter all knights who might desire the combat; not prescribing any nation, but leaving the field open to all. It was in the month of May that these challengers erected their tents, in the field between Calais and the abbey of St. Inglebat; before each was affixed two shields, bearing the arms of the owner, one called the shield of peace, the other of war. If the stranger-knight struck with the shield of peace, the weapons of courtsey were to be used; if that of war, then more dangerous weapons were adopted. They were encountered by Sir John Holland, the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Philip Courtnay, Sir John Russell, Sir Peter Sherburn, Sir William Clifton, and other English knights; who sustained the honour of their country against the French, who also behaved well and gallantly; and the whole was looked upon as one of the most splendid enterprises of the age.

It was occurrences of this description that afforded opportunity for the display of all the pomp and circumstance of Chivalry, and they were also very useful to one class of knights, known by the name of knights bachelors. This was the most ancient, and, originally, the only order of knighthood, being that conferred by one knight upon another. These knights set their principal store upon valour in battle, they had little property, and some none; many of them wandered from court to court, selling their services to the highest bidder; and after the Crusades—which sprung from Chivalry, and were eventually fatal to it, by reducing to poverty many noble families who embarked in them, as well from the foreign vices, the fruits of the luxuriant and sensual East which those who returned imported into Europe,—the knights bachelors degenerated greatly from the primitive glory of knighthood; most of them having no means of support, but what they derived from their sword, they either attached themselves to some sovereign prince or baron, at whose expense they lived: or roving about as mere adventurers, subsisted by passing from court to court, from camp to camp, or from tournament to tournament. During war, they supported themselves, not only by the pay received for their military aid, but by the ransoms obtained for prisoners; in peace, the tournaments were a constant source of emolument; for, reckless and daring, and generally of great personal prowess, they were sure to overcome some knight,

whose arms and steed, by the laws of the tournament, becoming theirs, were redeemed at a high price. M. Rose, in his romance of "*Partinopex de Blois,*" describes a fortunate knight bachelor:—

"So riding they o'ertake an errand knight,
Well horsed and large of limb Sir Gaudwin's height;
He nor of castle nor of land was lord;
Houseless he reaped the harvest of his sword;
And now not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blythe heart unto the tournament.
For cowardice he held it deadly sin,
And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
The face and index to the soul within.
It seemed that he such pomp his train bewrayed,
Had shaped a goodly fortune by his blade,
His knaves were, point device in livery dight,
With simpler ways and tents for shelter in the night."

The accident which befel Henry of France in a joust with Montmorenci caused tournaments to fall into disuse, they also were prohibited by the church; and the effect upon the knights bachelors were very striking. We find this alluded to in one of the French *fableaux*, in enumerating the causes of the poverty of a knight of this description:—

"Listen gentles while I tell
How this knight in fortune fell:
Lands nor vineyards had he none,
Joust and war his living won;
Well on horseback could he prance;
Boldly could he break a lance;
Well he knew each warlike use;
But there came a kind of truce;
Peaceful was the land around;
Nowhere heard a trumpet sound;
Rust the shield and faulchion hid;
Joust and tourney were forbid;
All his means of living gone,
Ermine mantle had he none,
And in pawn had long been laid
Cap and mantle of brocade;
Harness rich and charger stout
All were eat and drunken out."

On the decay of the knights bachelors, the knights banneret arose. These were distinguished from the former—who dis-

played a pennon, or forked ensign, something like a swallow's tail—by having the right to bear an oblong banner, not an exact square, which was the designation of a baron, between whom and the knights bachelors the bannerets held a middle rank. Previous to the battle of Navarett, Sir John Chandos was made a knight banneret by Pedro the Cruel; who, on that occasion converted his pennon into a banner by cutting off the ends. A banneret was expected to bring a certain number of men-at-arms, at least thirty, into the field; each of whom, besides his attendants on foot, was bound to have a mounted crossbow-man, and a horseman armed with a bow and axe. The expense attending this arrangement induced the French nobles, in the reign of Charles VII., to remonstrate against it, on the ground that their estates had become so impoverished by the fatal war with the English, that they could no longer support the expense; and from that period the distinction between knights bachelors and bannerets was totally disused in France. In England the distinction was preserved; but the title of banneret was only given to those knights who were created in a field of battle, when the royal standard was displayed.

That condition of knighthood which bound the knight to be the champion of the ladies, and to defend the cause of all women without exception, has already been alluded to: this condition was the one which was most devotedly kept, and the most successful mode of drawing a boon from a knight, was a fight, was to ask it in the name of God and the ladies.

"Without arms," says St. Palaye, "to maintain themselves in the possession of their estates; destitute of the means to prove their innocence; if attacked, they would have been often distressed witnesses of their fortune and their lands becoming the prey of a neighbouring unjust, tyrannical lord, or of their reputation sinking under the load of calumny, if the knights had not always been ready to arm in their defence. It was even a capital point in their institution, never to censure any lady themselves, nor suffer any to be guilty of such an offence in their presence." "If an honest and virtuous lady," says Brantome, "will maintain her firmness and constancy, her servant must not even spare his life to protect and defend her, if she runs the least risk of her fortune or her honor, or of any other censorious word; thus have I seen in our court, several who have silenced with a word the backbiter of their ladies and mistresses; and so it becometh us to do, for we are bound

by the laws of Chivalry, to be the champion of their affections." This right of the ladies was, however, to be conditional; and supposed that their conduct did not render them, in any degree or point of reputation, unworthy of that association which united them to an order founded solely on honour. "A princess," says Terant de Blanc, "declares that she submits to lose all rights to the benefits of Chivalry, and consents that never any knight should take arms in her defence, if she keeps not the promise of marriage she has given to the knight who adored her." And this union of fame between the knights and the ladies was a new bond on the latter to preserve, with the most precious care, those pure and virtuous dispositions, and that refinement of manners, which the knights exacted scrupulously from them; and this was a solid advantage that Chivalry conferred on society.

A young gentlewoman whose defence was undertaken by Gerard de Nevers, beholding the ardour with which he engaged in it, took off her glove and delivered it to Gerard, (who very willingly accepted it,) saying to him—"Sir, my person, my life, my lands, and my honour, I deposit in the care of God and of you; to whom I pray God to give such assistance and grace, that I may be delivered from this peril."

And thus, as divine Spenser sings,—

"It has been through all ages ever seen
That with the praise of arms and chivalry,
The prize of beauty still hath joined been,
And that for reason's special privity:
For either doth on other much rely,
For he, me-seems, most fit the fair to serve,
That can her best defend from villany;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
The fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve."

In the age of Chivalry, many of those wild adventures to which I have alluded, were undertaken by the knights in honour of their mistresses; and the mere word or look of a lady was sufficient to prompt to the most daring deeds. One instance of this,—which as being the groundwork on which Sir Walter Scott has raised the beautiful tale of "Castle Dangerous,"—may be selected to show the extent to which this feeling was carried.

During the reign of Edward I., when the English had obtained a temporary possession of Scotland, the castle of Douglas

was taken by them, and an English garrison placed therein. The castle was surprised, and the garrison cut to pieces, by Lord James of Douglas, who kept in ambush in the neighbouring mountains, and knowing not only the localities of the country, but the secret places of the castle, he was enabled to circumvent the English commander, and to effect his defeat. It did not suit his purpose to remain in the castle, and another garrison was placed there, which shared the fate of its predecessors. The same thing occurred so often, and it was accounted a matter of so much jeapordy to keep the castle, that it began to be called the adventurous or hazardous castle of Douglas. At length, Sir John Walton, who was in command, pledged himself—according to one version of the story—to hold the castle for a year and a day, or forfeit all hopes of his lady's love. According to another, "he being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he kept the adventurous castle of Douglas seven years, he might think himself worthy to be a suitor for her." He took upon himself the keeping of it; and having discharged his duty well for several months, the lady relenting, wrote to recall him. Before the receipt of her letter, Douglas had sent him a defiance, saying that use all the vigilance he could, he (Douglas) would again have possession of his father's castle before Palm Sunday. Sir John felt himself bound in honor to remain over this day, and on the eve of that day the castle was surprised, and Sir John was slain. On being taken to Sir James Douglas, and his doublet searched, his mistress' letters were found, and Sir James grieved that so faithful and honourable a knight had come to so melancholy an end.

But besides the defence of women, the knight was bound by his oath to champion anyone who might desire his aid. Trial by battle was then common; it was derived from the Gothic tribes, amongst whom the custom was universal. But after the institutions of Chivalry began to exert their influence, it was held, that where there was disparity of years or strength, the weaker—he would be on unequal terms with his opponent, in the appeal to the ordeal, or as it was impiously termed, the Judgment of God,—was allowed to appear by his champion; and although the champion had to put himself in the place of his client, and would be liable to receive the punishment due to whatever crime that client was accused of, should he fail in his defence, yet there were never wanting knights to champion the cause they believed to be just: and there is no doubt, as

Sir Walter Scott observes, "that the inconveniences and injustice of a law so absurd in itself as that of judicial combat, were evaded and mitigated by the institutions of Chivalry."

The Crusades arose from Chivalry: and they sprung from that character of religion which was so deeply imprinted on the minds of all knights, and was essential to their institution. That eloquent and elegant writer, Bishop Hurd, says:—

"Two reasons may be assigned for the high religious feelings of the knights, and the engrafting of religious on military rites.

"First, The superstition of the times, in which Chivalry arose; which was so great, that no institution of a public nature could have found credit in the world, that was not consecrated by the churchmen, and closely interwoven with religion. Secondly, The condition of the Christian world; which had been harassed by long wars, and had but just recovered a little breathing time from the brutal ravages of the Saracen armies. The remembrance of what they had lately suffered from these grand enemies of the faith, made it natural, and even necessary, to engage a new military order on the side of religion. And how warmly this principle of *zeal for the faith* was acted upon by the professors of Chivalry, and how deeply it entered into their ideas of the military character, we see from the term so constantly used by the old romancers of *recreant knights*, by which they meant to express, with the utmost force, their disdain of a dastard and vanquished knight. For many of this order, falling into the hands of the Saracens, such of them as had not imbibed the full spirit of their profession, were induced to remove their faith, in order to regain their liberty. These men, as sinning against the great fundamental laws of Chivalry, they branded with this name—a name of complicated reproach, which implied a want of the two most essential qualities of a knight, '*Courage* and *Faith*.'"

From this deep sense of religion, came that courtesy and sweetness of temper, that disdain of falsehood, which distinguished the true knight: no human laws insisted so much upon the observance of these qualities as did the institutions of Chivalry.

All oaths made in the name of a knight were deemed inviolate; and we find the knights of Chivalry binding themselves to each other, as brothers in arms, by engagements that were never violated; or if they were, the offender was degraded, and deprived of the honours of the institution.

To Chivalry we also owe the establishment of those two celebrated orders of the Templars, and the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The Teutonic Knights were also a military association for the conversion of the Pagans in

the North of Europe, as the former were for the defence of the Holy Land. In our own country we have two chivalric orders, those of the Garter and of the Bath: and there are various other orders, all springing from the same source, yet existing in Europe. This brief and passing allusion, however, is the only notice which time will allow me to take of them; to enter into any more detailed particulars would be foreign to the purpose of this paper, which is only intended to bring before you, from the most authentic sources, the institutions and the laws of Chivalry, a system which was consecrated by religion—eulogised by historians—sung by poets—and smiled upon by beauty: and the influence of which, though it has now passed away, is, as before observed, still felt in many of the social *agrémens* with which we are surrounded. Chivalry gave a distinct and distinguished character to the middle ages—to the olden times—those times which have been so eloquently apostrophised by a fair and noble writer, the late Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley:—

"The olden times—the olden times,
When lofty thoughts were not deemed crimes,
Nor follies—glorious deeds!
When valour and when honour strove,
To glorify romance and love,
And sound Fame's splendid reeds.

"The days of old—the days of old,
When triumph decked the true and bold,
And Earth pealed out their name;
When haughty feats of proud emprise,
Were done for beauty's sovereign eyes,
And brought not scoff nor blame.

"When crowned enthusiasm upreared
Her altars and sublimely steered
Her blazing way through earth!
While with the wildfire speed of thought,
The nations the inspiration caught,
And mighty dreams had birth.

"When the fair fee—the appointed meed
Was little thought of near the deed
Which could itself reward!
When one brave impulse nobly fired—
One glorious instinct—keen inspired
The warrior—lover—bard.

"The days of old—the days of old,
Like dust dispersed—like embers cold,
They shall revive no more!
But oh! could they one token send—
One splendid inspiration lend,
To ours, those days of yore.

"How would each weak and worldly aim,
Each senseless cause, each selfish claim,
In their true light appear:
And every poor and paltry dream,
Each narrow strife, each nameless scheme,
Their own dark colours wear!

"The olden times—the olden times,
When through all regions and all climes
A glorious spirit moved:
And men with generous dealing dealt,
And proudly thought, and strongly felt—
Achieved—believed—and loved!"

Many causes, both physical and moral, led to the decline and extinction of Chivalry. Of the former, the most important was the alteration which took place in the art of war, by the introduction of gunpowder. This took from the knights in their armour of proof the advantages they had hitherto possessed, and put the before-despised infantry on a level, in offensive war, with those who previously could have outborne scores of foot soldiers. Of the latter, the growing degeneracy of the knights themselves, which led them to forfeit their knightly oaths, and caused them to be incapable of acting up to the noble precepts of their order, together with the effeminacy of the youth of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that made them shrink from the severe discipline of their ancestors, and rendered them unable to undergo the fatigue arising from the weight of armour which those noble knights endured, contributed to cause both the principles and observances of Chivalry to fall into disuse. But although, taken in the strict and abstract sense, "the age of Chivalry is gone," yet may we not indulge the hope,—that instead of saying, in the eloquent language of the immortal Burke, "The glory of Europe is extinguished for ever; that never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted

freedom;" that, "the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone;" that, we have lost "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity;"—may we not, —instead of joining in this eloquent lament, which the circumstances Burke was mourning over fully justified, as applied to the people whose crimes he was deploring,—may we not indulge the hope, that, in English hearts, the prime duties and virtues of Chivalry will still be cherished; that, by Englishmen, the fear of God, loyalty to the sovereign, devotion to the fair, a love of justice, and a hatred of oppression will always be prized; and that where either the holy altar of our religion, the throne of our Queen, or our domestic hearths—round which the many virtues of the wives, mothers, and daughters of Britain throw such a brilliant halo,—require their protecting hands, that they will prove that they possess hearts as stout as those of the cavaliers of old; and show that although it exists no longer in its pristine form, yet for every holy, national, and social purpose, its spirit still survives: and that, *for those purposes, the Age of Chivalry is not gone.*

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

By an Artist.

Whish-sh-sh-sh—rat-tle—rat-tle—whish-sh-sh.—"Here we are at York! Mind your toes, and your head, with that avalanche of trunks and boxes!"

"Where be ye going?" asked a stock-headed fellow, commencing to possess himself of my traps.

"What the devil's that to you, my fine fellow! put my luggage down!" a hint which "I'se Yorkshire" seemed to take; so, calling a cab, a few minutes sufficed to deposit my carpet-bag and myself in a comfortable inn; one minute more, and, umbrella in hand, I was on my way to York Minster, in order to the gratifying a desire long cherished—aye, for many a year—to see this famous ecclesiastical monument. A most

savage day! a regular dirty sky—as the sailors call it—had been raining its hardest in a right-straight-down, pitiless pouring, varied only in its direction by a cold wind carrying the hitherto right and parallel lines of moisture in curves round the corners of streets, or the bodies of such unfortunates as were obliged to brave the storm. Caged, however, in one of the comfortable "taxeaters'"—as old Cobbett maliciously denominates our monied folks—first-class carriages, I endeavoured to hum a few bars of "Rage thou angry storm!" but the remembrance of Staudigl, and some difficulty in suiting the time of the tug-tug-tug of the engine to the air, threw a damper upon the musical experiment. However, my arrival at York soon put the rain, the air, and Staudigl out of my head. A sudden change had taken place: the rain ceased—the moon shewed her silver face through a veil of light cloud, which soon cleared off, and discovered Miss Luna in all her refulgent beauty. Umbrella in hand,—determined not to be jilted by her, or conquered by a possible shower,—on I strode, never deigning to ask my way; but constantly lifting my eyes, in expectation of seeing the minster's grey towers rearing their gigantic proportions over the mere bricks and mortar of mortals. After passing several old stumpy-looking churches—very picturesque, however; one having a queer, old, square tower built of timber and bricks—capital for sketching; another having a light, elegant turret crowning the gable of the centre part, reminding one much of the beautiful tower of St. Dunstan's Church, London, only the York specimen could but be viewed as a mere pattern, like the pretty little dolls prettily dressed up, *à la Française*, by pretty milliners, to give an idea only of the outward habiliments of a ball-room beauty!—at length, as good fortune ordained it, I entered a narrow lane, with old, old-gabled, low-built houses,—the lane itself having just the right degree of curvature to compose most harmoniously with the western front of the minster, and the magnificent towers of this awe-inspiring structure.

The moon smiled sweetly upon the retiring angle of the towers; and the prodigious mass apparently increased with the size of the visual angle as it was approached. The contemplation of so vast and so celebrated a monument of monkish piety awakens—especially when viewed by moonlight—associations which require the pen of a true poet fully to describe. An artist can feel them only; he may indeed convey, by his art, some idea of the style and proportions of the building;

but what pencil can in the least depict the sensations of one who stands beneath such a mountain of stone, poised by consummate art, and towering towards heaven? God rest their souls! the pious old monks—abused—benighted—ignorant—selfish—beastly—gormandizing—irreligious—hypocritical Roman Catholics! whose fervour has raised a temple (for us Protestants) somewhat worthy of the Almighty whose worship is therein daily celebrated!

York Cathedral has been most unlucky in not being properly insured; for, in 1069, the then cathedral was burnt down to the ground, and not one penny recovered by way of insurance. However, the assurance of William the Conqueror caused him to modestly seize the ground, and all the revenues of the church, and hand them over to Thomas, his chaplain, to whom he was dreadfully in arrear for salary. However, he amply made it up to him by clapping an archiepiscopal mitre on his head, but not so as to obstruct Thomas' vision, for the ecclesiastic set manfully to work, and reinstated the cathedral in all its former splendour. Soon after, however, an innate love of fires among the Yorkites exemplified itself by a tolerably good flare-up; for, this time, the Cathedral, St. Mary's Abbey, and *only* thirty-nine parish churches, blazed away! so that the present building (which has had two squeaks for it, once by the lunatic Jonathan Martin, and another time by some careless workmen,) is the bequest of various ecclesiastics from 1171 to 1370. The wages of the workmen—poor devils!—were three-pence a day for masters, and three-halfpence only for their "knaves," or journeymen—they had not trades unions then! But the cream of the joke was this (how popular Lord John Russell would become, if he woul imitate Pope Urban!):—that he—the afore-mentioned Urban—urbanely imposed an income-tax on ecclessiastical property, and by these simple means raised a large sum. However, archbishops, monks, workmen, and knaves, have passed away many, many generations since; and here still stands, in all its grey solemnity, the magnificent temple, silent indeed, but eloquent to the heart; not a human breath drawn within it; but its gloomy interior a fitting habitation for the good spirits of countless worthies, whose ashes are deposited beneath its fretted roof.

To me there is something indescribably gratifying in standing—but it must be at the moonlight—immediately under such a stupendous work of art: the rapid perspective of the parts—one huge mass heaped upon another in bold foreshortening,

like rocks heaved heavenward—an occasional caw of a crow who feels a little uncomfortable causing the solemn silence to be still more impressive—queer old monsters sticking out at right angles from the building, making hideous faces, with confounded long spouts hanging out of their mouths—some grim-looking knight, or other effigy, seeming half disposed to walk out of his niche, and take your hand in his cold, grey, stony grip—this, with a little Victor-Hugoish recollection of Notre Dame at Paris, always brings on a delightful, quiet, musing mood; in the midst of which, the cry of "*Beer-r-r*" is most discordant, and brings one's thoughts to earthly affairs with a vengeance!

Here is one of the finest buildings in the world—the windows perfectly wonderful—the fabric itself a school of ecclesiastical architecture—the boast of York—the boast of the British Empire, and yet not one unobstructed view of it can be obtained,—being surrounded within a few yards, by a mass of wretched, red, rascally, brick houses, which I should like to see levelled, no matter how, "so 'twere done quickly." King Hudson, in a fine liberal spirit, wished to clear away this obstructing rubbish, and gave five hundred pounds himself towards so good a purpose; but unfortunately it was discovered that it would have afforded a fine view of the Cathedral to the passengers at the railway station, and consequently the entire scheme was pooh-poohed by the bright-witted Yorkites. Thus it is, that petty jealousies and mean spite are too frequently allowed to prevent public improvements!

The Cathedral yard being, for three sides of the church, free at all times, I paced it over and over again, narrowly watching the varied effects as the various parts of the structure came into view, glistening with the pale, pure light of the moon. But all things must have an end, and no pleasure exists without alloy; and so it was, that after successive perambulations, fatigue suggested the propriety of seeking "mine host," and taking in fuel; which, by the way, was a capital mutton chop all hot, and a pint of excellent sherry.

Morning broke; but as I considered it owed me something, I did not, like the sluggard put on the record by Mr. Joseph Miller, say—"let it break! it owes me nothing!" and then turn round on the other side and go off to sleep again as sound as a top! No! I determined to take it out of the morning—especially as it was as a fine a one as I would have ordered had there been any office for that purpose.

A turn to the right, after going over the bridge spanning the Ouse, brought me to two picturesque lanes, strongly suggestive, in many senses, of the streets at Rouen: indeed these two lanes are the most perfect specimens of old street architecture to be seen in the town. If the yellow-wash were much dearer in price, it would be a blessing to lovers of the picturesque, for the English folk are so abominably clean, that they are for ever squashing white or yellow-wash everywhere; so that if one chance to fall in with some good specimens of half-timbered houses, the rich oak colour of the beams is nearly always daubed over with the villainous yellow. It is fair, however, to except some parts of Chester, and a few towns in Lancashire and Staffordshire.

Service having commenced at the Cathedral, I walked in as soon as the vergers had opened the door, and was amply rewarded for my long-delayed gratification. I never can feel sufficiently grateful to those fine old fellows—with all their failings—for rearing, for the benefit of posterity, such stupendous—such magnificent buildings as our cathedrals. How solemn—how grand is the service when finely performed, and the roaring, pealing organ shaking the very walls with its powerful notes, emitted from pipes as large as the choir columns themselves! I fancied that wittiest of wits—Sterne, in his prebendal stall, looking so demure, that no one could have found him guilty of the unparsonlike parts of the Sentimental Journey; but Uncle Toby and his man Trim stole over my recollections, and, like Sterne's own recording angel, effaced the insidious, unchaste thoughts, which, alas! deface the astonishing writings of Sterne, who ought not to have been a divine—but anything else. The carving of the canopies and stalls in the choir is well executed, and really appears to be of ancient workmanship. As for stained glass, here it is in perfection! very, very old, through its different stages, to quite modern. Any one, who has doubts about what should be the character of the designs fit for stained-glass windows, can be readily and easily convinced that *illusion*, such as that produced by a picture, is not fit for Gothic windows: look at the rich kaleidoscopic effect of a fine old window—bits of colour—*small* bits—in constant opposition to each other, studded all over the surface, and symmetrically arranged; this is the peculiarity of the fine specimens still existing in our cathedrals. A complete school of glass painting exists at York, and the student may compare the gem-like effect of the old glass with the large,

thin, poor modern specimens, containing what the modern glass painter, in his innocence, imagined to be good drawing! —heaven save the mark! I firmly believe there is as much humbug about *old glass* as about *old masters*: it may indeed chance, that in making "pot metal," as it is called, an amazingly fine red may turn out; but, on the average, I believe our colours made now to be quite as good as the old ones: why not? These old fellows worked by mere chance—at random. What is the use of modern researches in chemistry, if we cannot, with all our study, compete with the old artists? The truth is, the secret does not lie in the colours, nor on the palette, but in the mind; and if a wrong idea be taken up at the outset, the sequences are of course wrong. Whoever fancies that the perfection of glass staining is reached by painting pictures, with portraits introduced, and effects of light and shade similar to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures, has committed the radical error just alluded to. It would seem almost as if Puseyism were commenced on purpose to create a right taste in ecclesiastical building and decoration.—Many recipes have been given for old masters: I will furnish one for old glass; and be it observed—messieurs, the critics,—that *dirt* and *smoke* are very important agents, not only to genuine Rembrandts now painting in the neighbourhoods of Drury Lane and Wardour Street, but also to genuine modern antiques in the way of old glass. Here is the recipe:—**Howe to maykе newe glasse like unto ye olde.**—I should first select the date, and then, according to the time proposed for imitation, have good thick lead framing. Pick out some pieces of discoloured whitish glass, and draw a few heads and hands, making the eyes all front views, whether the faces are profile views or not—this is essential. Mark the nose and mouth with very hard lines, and turn up the hair in very stiff curls: a white nightcap tied under the chin is a capital old head-dress. Draw the hands like kid gloves, when brought out of the box to fit on: don't forget the finger nails. With this stock, and the cuttings of a glass stainer's shop, fit in small bits of red, blue, green, purple, and all procurable tints anyhow, so as to keep up a brilliant effect, and with some regard to symmetry. Cover the entire window with opaque dirt, letting it stick tolerably tight. Next take a cloth and clean each piece of glass with a circular motion, and in a short time the dirt will be entirely removed from the centre of each

piece of glass, only partially in other places, and remaining thickly spread at the joints. This is one of the greatest secrets in old glass—causing those places where the light passes freely through to be brilliant, and allowing of sufficient dark to give a certain amount of brilliancy to a clouded or very thick piece of glass, whether coloured all through, or stained on one or both sides.

The School of Design at York, in connection with that at Somerset House, appears to be progressing favourably, under the care of an able master. A number of well-selected specimens of various styles of ornamental designs is deposited there; while the cathedral, churches, ruins, and the museum, will form a complete course of Gothic design for the ornamentist. The great evil to be apprehended is, that instead of good ornamentists, a large number of bad artists will arise in every town; and thus defeat the intentions of the Government in founding these Schools of Design with the sole view of improvement in the taste and design of our manufactures. Boys who can draw a little from Nature, imagine themselves vastly clever, and fancy that a power of mere imitation is all that is required to become artists. After many disappointments, vexations, and loss of time, they will find out, too late, that they have been almost starving as bad, unskilful artists; while had they embraced a lower branch of art, within the capabilities of most persons, they might have enjoyed a competent livelihood. "They manage these things better in France," is true in this respect; but, as a sincere patriot, I pray we may not emulate their weekly revolutions!

I find, on inspecting the time-bill, that the train by which I *must* depart starts in half-an-hour; so I must e'en be content for the present, until my return, and then———

A CHRONICLE OF THE COURT OF WURTEMBERG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF.)

By G. I. Knox.

(Concluded from page 145.)

CHAPTER V.

The inhabitants of Stutgard had been cruel sufferers from the despotism of Süss, without even daring amid all their sufferings to hope for safety and protection. How was it possible for them to anticipate the downfall of this all-powerful Minister, when, every day they beheld him passing proudly along in his carriage-and-six, casting upon his enemies glances of the most supreme disdain, and causing all those who manifested the slightest repugnance to him to quail beneath his eye?

Meanwhile, strange rumours had begun to circulate throughout the city: some said that the Duke had departed for Philipsburg, and had confided the seals of state to Süss; while others as confidently affirmed that they had seen the Duke at one of the windows of his castle. Another party maintained that the Catholics had attacked the Protestants upon the Austrian frontier, that the latter had remained masters of the field, and that troops had been marched to the scene of conflict. Finally a report was spread that the chief Financial Councillor had ordered a magnificent cope, and that a Lutheran pastor had distributed several little wooden crucifixes to the school-children. As a crowning misfortune in a country devoted to protestantism and its ancient institutions of liberty, it was affirmed, that one day the Jew had said to the reigning Duke:—"Your states have made so much opposition, they must be fatigued." Upon which, Alexander had replied in French, "That is true; give them chairs then, and once seated, they will rise no more."

The little band of men who had determined to uphold the constitution of the country knew of all these rumours, but yet remained calm, resolved, impassible. But this calm was merely assumed, and under an apparently careless exterior, these generous citizens laboured in secret to ward off the dangers which threatened their beloved Wurtemberg.

On the evening of the 11th of March, the Advocate Lanbeck was seated in his dwelling-house in company with

his son and Captain Reelzinger. The countenances of the two Lanbecks wore a grave and pensive expression. The Captain, on the contrary, unable to control his natural gaiety of temper, divided his attentions between his two friends, and the two sisters of Gustavus, who were seated at their accustomed places in the window. Edwiga, pale and silent, kept her eyes fixed on her work; while Catherine listened with evident pleasure to the sallies of the young officer, disclosing to view at every smile her double row of pearly teeth, and the dimples which ornamented her rosy cheeks.

"Have you a good horse?" said the Advocate, addressing Reelzinger.

"An excellent horse," replied the latter, "safe for twelve hours at a stretch, over hill and dale. He only gives me one care, and that is, he is not paid for yet."

"You can in that case be at Louisburg between eleven o'clock and midnight, at four at Heilbroun, and between eight and ten in the morning at Oringen?"

"But Father," interposed Gustavus, "would it not be more prudent to take the direction of Heidelberg? I fear the route you mention is not a safe one. The Bishop of Wurtzburg will be able to give us the advice that—"

"No," returned the Advocate; "by taking the direction of Heidelberg you would be more liable to arouse suspicion, and if you should encounter any danger on the Oringen road you could take refuge with the Duke of Neustadt who would keep you in safety, The affair over, if the Duke is satisfied with us you can return here. If not, you go on to Frankfort."

"Ah! how sad it is for me," said Gustavus, "to quit you at such a crisis. If the Jew gets knowledge of my flight, he will assuredly revenge himself upon you, and this idea makes me tremble. No, father, no, I cannot quit you."

"Oh! do not let him go," cried Edwiga, seizing her father's hand. "You have, I see, some terrible projects in contemplation. You are forming a conspiracy against powerful men; pray renounce such a dangerous enterprise; the Jew will pardon you. Oh! how anxious and unhappy I am!"

"Hush, hush!" said her sister; "be assured that what our father does is right. But why should Gustavus go? He could be so useful to us here."

"He must go," returned the Advocate in a severe tone of voice. "I do not wish him to marry the Jewess. No later than this morning I intercepted a letter that Leah had written to

him; I have returned it to the Jew, who is now, most probably in a state of fury. But my dear Gustavus, the past is forgotten. We part as father and son should part, for who knows when we shall meet again?"

At the same moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a man wrapped in a large mantle entered the room.

"Blankenberg!" cried Edwiga, and a slight blush tinged her cheek.

"Pardon my intrusion Herr Advocate," said the young man, "but circumstances must excuse so unceremonious a visit. Gustavus, you must leave Stutgard immediately. Lieutenant Pinassa has just told me that he has received orders to arrest you between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night, and our good friend does not wish to find the bird in the nest."

"Many, many thanks for this information," said the Advocate, pressing Blankenberg's hand. "Come, drink another glass of wine, and then for the road with all despatch."

Then turning to Reelzinger, and placing in his hand a heavy purse of gold, he said to him:—

"My dear Captain, who knows what may happen, and since you are so generous as to accompany my son—"

"And you wish," cried the young officer proudly "to recompense a service of friendship with gold.—No, I cannot—"

"Come, Captain Reelzinger," said Catherine, "I see you cannot take a joke. This purse contains merely a few miserable copper pieces which I had collected for the purpose of making an April-fool of you."

"Ah! very good," said the Captain, gallantly kissing the young girl's hand; "and in exchange I will bring you back the most beautiful dress that is to be got in Frankfort."

"Ah!" said she, with tears in her eyes, "bring us back only our dear Gustavus, and pray, do not, for our sakes, commit any piece of folly which might betray you."

"The horses are at the door, but you cannot go that way. Herr Blankenberg will you be kind enough to accompany my son by the garden entrance, and come back to inform me if he has got clear out of the city in safety."

Gustavus embraced his father and sisters, and departed.

The two young men proceeded on their way in silence; the night was dark and cloudy, not a star shone in the heavens, not a sound was to be heard save the sighing of the wind through the roadside trees.

"Do you see," said Reelzinger, "that iron gibbet which

Duke Frederic erected in 1597, to hang the alchymist Honouer upon? Do you hear the croaking of those ravens? One would say that these ill-omened birds awaited some fresh prey."

Gustavus turned away his eyes with a shudder from this sombre spectacle, and even the horses themselves seemed anxious to fly, for they crossed at a gallop the open space occupied by this hideous monument.

All at once, the young men heard a lamentable voice crying to them from the roadside:—"Bestow a trifle upon a poor old man!"

"How do you suppose I can find my purse by this light?" said Reelzinger; "Be off, or you shall feel the weight of my whip."

"Not so much vivacity, young man," rejoined the beggar; "the time consumed in bestowing an alms will not delay you long."

"This is too much," exclaimed the fiery Captain; "once more be off, or I'll—" But at the moment he was about to strike the old man, he felt himself suddenly checked as if by an invisible hand. Gustavus took some money from his pocket and cast it into the hat of the beggar, who at the same instant disappeared. This strange encounter in the middle of the night, coupled with the still more strange and sudden disappearance of the old man, increased that sensation of vague terror which for the last few moments had taken possession of the travellers.

They continued their journey in silence, and as they rode into the town of Zuffenhausen the church-clocks were striking twelve. The greater portion of the houses were still lighted up, and they could hear them singing psalms within doors. The Captain stopped the watchman and asked him the meaning of these lights and the singing.

"Ah sir," replied the man, "some terrible event is certainly going to happen. An old man went through the city an hour ago, knocking at all the doors and crying aloud that the people must watch and pray until midnight."

"And who was this man?"

"The older townspeople declare that it was our former pastor who died twenty years ago."

"This night's work will certainly drive me mad," exclaimed Reelzinger.

The two friends continued their journey. The darkness had now become so great that they could scarcely distinguish their

horses' heads. At length they perceived the city of Louisburg. They had just reached the outskirts of the town when their course was again impeded by a wagon which occupied the entire breadth of the road. At the same instant they heard the sound of several horses' feet at full gallop proceeding from the direction of Louisburg. A voice exclaimed :—" Make way there, make way there !" while another voice well known to the travellers shouted aloud these words :—

" Stop Jew, or I'll blow your brains out ! "

It was Colonel Von Reuder, who having spurred his horse to a gallop had outstripped his companions and stopped the Minister.

" Why this violence, Colonel Von Reuder ? " said the Jew, in a tone of voice which betrayed secret uneasiness : " I am proceeding to Stutgard to consult with the Duchess on certain measures—"

" I am going there also," rejoined the Colonel in a threatening voice, and you shall not part company with me ; if you attempt it, take care of my pistols—Who's there ? "

" Captain Reelzinger and Councillor Lanbeck."

" Good evening, gentlemen. Captain, are your arms loaded ?"

" Yes, Colonel."

" Post yourself on the left of the Jew, and on the slightest attempt at flight shoot him through the head. As your superior officer, I command you to obey me. I am myself responsible for the consequences."

" Herr Councillor," cried Süss, " I take you to witness the shameful violence that has been offered to my person. Colonel I give you warning, this attempt of yours will cost you dear."

" Herr Von Reuder," murmured Gustavus, " think of the consequences of this act. Do you not fear the anger of the Duke ? "

" The Duke is dead," replied Von Reuder loud enough for everyone to hear him.

" What ! the Duke dead ! " exclaimed Reelzinger, who at that moment recalled to mind all the sad presages of the night.

" Are you quite sure ? " demanded Gustavus.

" He died suddenly at Louisburg a quarter af an hour ago. As the Finance Minister is so much occupied with the affairs of the country it is our duty to reconduct him in all haste to the seat of government."

" Gentlemen," said the Jew, in a voice rendered almost inarticulate through anger and anxiety, " I am still Minister.

Remember the edict of the Prince, which frees me from all responsibility. I solemnly declare to all here present that you are exposing yourselves to severe chastisement by thus identifying yourselves with the rebellious acts of Colonel Von Reuder: in the name of the Duke and of his heir, I command you to let me pass."

"Your reign is over, Jew!" cried Captain Reelzinger with a fierce smile; and in obedience to the orders of his colonel he placed himself on the left of the Jew, pistol in hand. Gustavus followed him, uneasy and pre-occupied, and when once more passing the iron gibbet, he regarded it with new symptoms of terror. His thoughts reverted to poor Leah, and he felt sick at heart when reflecting on the fate which in all probability away awaited her.

On the following morning, the good citizens of Stutgard were surprised by two pieces of intelligence almost incredible: the death of the Duke, and the arrest of the Jew. This last event sufficed in itself to console the capital of Wurtemburg for the loss of a prince, who, despite the faults he had committed, was universally regretted throughout the state.

On his arrival at Stutgard, Süss repaired to the palace of the Duchess to offer his condolences on the event which had just occurred, and demanded an escort to return home. But the Colonel who had arrested him had not left his work half done. In the vestibule of the palace Süss found a captain with a detachment of twelve men; at the door of his house he perceived sentinels; on the landing place glistened the bayonets of a party of royal guards; and when his sister cast herself weeping into his arms, he felt convinced that, to use the words of Captain Reelzinger, his reign was indeed over.

Duke Rodolph of Neustadt, as nearest collateral relative, assumed the reins of government, and quickly introduced some popular amendments into the laws of the constitution. Several either worthless, or vicious public officers were removed; young Lanbeck was confirmed in his appointment of Councillor, and as his skill and talent as a lawyer were well known to all, the Duke named him on the commission appointed to try the Jew. The old advocate, his father, almost wept for joy at this news, and declared that his son was the pride of his old age. But poor Gustavus, on the contrary, considered it a serious misfortune to be obliged to take an official part in such an affair. In common with all his compatriots, he had ever condemned the unhappy administration of the Jew Minister, and he inwardly

felt that it was a duty he owed both to himself and to his country to search out this man's crimes and reveal them to all men. But this Minister was the brother of Leah, and this thought went to the heart of the young Councillor. He shuddered on entering the cell which enclosed this personage, but a few days previously all-powerful, and now covered with rags, pale, broken down in mind and body, and reduced to the last extremity.

"Herr Lanbeck," said Süss to Gustavus, "there is an innocent and unfortunate young girl who is dear to both of us. They have chased her from my dwelling-house; but she was a Jewess, she merited no pity. I, sir, have no longer any property, I cannot come forward to her assistance, and I know not even where she is. If you succeed in discovering her retreat, recollect that she possesses merely the clothes she had on her person when they turned her into the street, and bestow a few florins upon her to keep her from absolute want."

At these words Gustavus wept. Later, however, he learned that the Jew had deceived him; and that they had found in his house upwards of five hundred thousand florins in gold and jewels, and that besides this he had a hundred thousand florins placed out at interest at Frankfort. He plainly saw that in drawing this picture of his sister's misery it had been the wily Jew's intention to soften him and excite his compassion. He was unable, however, to divest himself of the idea that his beloved Leah was in a state of abandonment and distress, and he grieved at not being able to learn her place of refuge.

Several months had passed away; the process continued. Certain deeds were spoken of which made even the most phlegmatic of his judges shudder, and although Lanbeck clearly demonstrated that Süss was not the only guilty party, public animadversion, however, rested almost entirely upon him.

One October evening, the young Councillor was alone in his chamber, when his younger sister, who had for some time back been affianced to Reelzinger, entered the room with a pensive air, a circumstance of unusual occurrence with her. She began by speaking of indifferent subjects, then a tear started to her eyes, and at last she asked her brother if he would see for a few moments a person of his acquaintance. He gazed at her in surprise, but before he could reply, Catherine opened the door and gave admittance to a young girl closely veiled. Gustavus divined at once who it was, and darted towards her. Leah cast herself at his feet, and joining together her emaciated hands, she cried:—

"Pity! pity! Save his life; they tell me that he is condemned to death, and that his only hope of safety rests with you. Oh! how can I move your heart? that heart which formerly understood me so well."

While thus speaking, she burst into tears. Gustavus tenderly raised her from the ground. The poor girl trembled violently; her lovely eyes had lost all their brilliancy, and with her dark hair floating loosely over her shoulders, and her pale and sunken cheeks, she had more the appearance of a spectre than of a living being.

"Leah," said Gustavus, "why have you kept from us so long? Why take from your friends the opportunity of succouring you?"

"I care not what becomes of me now," she replied. "I have buried all my hopes and all my dreams, and I keep but the remembrance of them within my heart. But you, who have ever shewn so much generosity towards the unhappy, take pity on my brother, grant him his life. What good can his death do this country?"

"Leah," rejoined Gustavus with an air of painful embarrassment, "things are not so bad as you imagine. Reassure yourself; all is not yet lost."

"His fate is in your hands, he has told me so himself. You possess a letter, the contents of which is known but to yourself. Burn this letter and you save his life."

"Brother," said Catherine, "grant her request. Your conscience cannot reproach you for this act of mercy. Burn this letter. And after all, what is it but a piece of paper destroyed?"

The young man remained silent, a prey to violent inward commotion. Leah seized his hand, pressed it to her heart, to her lips, crying aloud:—"He consents! he consents! Ah! I was not deceived in his noble nature; I well knew that he would scorn to be revenged on an unhappy and fallen man. O God of my Father! I thank thee for having placed upon this unhappy earth, one being only who makes a duty of exercising mercy!"

"No, no! it cannot be," said Lanbeck in a voice choked with emotion. "Believe me dearest Leah, that to render you happy, I would willingly lay down life itself; but I cannot sacrifice my honour and my reputation. They know that this letter exists. Several members of the Commission have read it; to-morrow I must produce it before the tribunal. Ask your own heart Catherine, can I fail in this duty?"

"He must die then!" cried Leah, "and it is you, you that pronounce his doom. This then is the termination of my love! Ah! who could have told me that all would have ended thus!"

"Poor unhappy child!" murmured Catherine, twining her arms round the wasted form of the lovely Jewess. "Gustavus is right; I feel myself that he cannot act otherwise; but come to us, come confidently. Are you in want of clothes? take mine. Do you desire anything else? only ask; all that I possess I will joyfully share with you."

The property that your brother possesses beyond the frontiers of this state, will be preserved for you," said Gustavus. "It belongs by right to you, and I shall see that your just claims are properly established."

"Speak not of this worthless property," replied Leah. "They say that he made his fortune by despoiling the people. God grant that it be not so; and would to Heaven that he had never set his foot in Wurtemburg! I cannot in any case accept this fortune; but I accept your offer, dearest Catherine with gratitude, and I will gladly take some of your clothes. They say that you are betrothed; may the blessings of Heaven accompany you through life! and may those tears which now stand in your eyes be the last you may ever shed!"

"Leah!" said Gustavus, "I cannot let you depart thus. You struggle to appear calm, but it is the calm of despair. Come and see my sister. Tell us where you live; confide to us all your wants and wishes, and—pardon me. God knows I cannot act otherwise."

"I have nothing to pardon," replied she, extending her hand to her lover; "I shall require but little to live upon. Soon, I trust, I shall require nothing. Farewell dear Gustavus, may you be as happy as you deserve to be."

So saying, she cast upon him one last glance of ineffable tenderness and love, and retired with Catherine from the room. The young man remained alone, his heart oppressed with sorrow; he had beheld Leah for the last time.

It is not our purpose to relate in detail the trial of the disposed minister. After a lengthy, minute, and pitiless investigation, Süss was found guilty, condemned to death, and executed with a degree of barbarity almost incredible in a Christian land, and in enlightened times, and above all in a country which was even at this epoch justly considered one of the most civilised states of Europe.

Old Lanbeck died soon after the Duke Alexander. His son remained all his life a melancholy and dejected man. Even the liveliness of his brother-in-law, Captain Reelzinger, could not dissipate the clouds which constantly obscured his countenance. In the year 1793, he might frequently be seen passing through the streets of Stutgard with a grave and austere demeanour, though his features ever bore the impress of kindness and benevolence. He never married, and it was said that he had been in love but once in his life, and that she whom he loved had drowned herself in the waters of the Neckar. He died regretted by all who had known him, and lamented especially by the poor and unhappy.

FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

No. IV.—England.

By W. Cooke Stafford.

The tendency of the present age is to *realism*. The love for the romantic is becoming absorbed in the rage for utility; and many of those feelings and prepossessions—those domestic traditions and household legends, which prevailed even in the days of *our* childhood, are fast vanishing from amongst us. It is not our present intention to inquire, how far this change may be for the better,—or how far it may tend to chill and obscure those imaginings of the beautiful—those shadowings forth of some ideal perfection—those aspirations after some hidden mystery, concealed in the "glimpses of the supernatural," which vivid fancy would occasionally waft around the ductile youth; and which tended to awaken in his mind sentiments of truth and honour, thoughts and perceptions leading to high achievements and great deeds; as well as that principle of chivalrous devotion to woman, which animated the men of old,

> "Who with a generous feeling dealt,
> And proudly thought, and strongly felt,
> Achieved—believed—and loved."

That inquiry we leave for others: our purpose is, to collect a few of the many scattered particulars, relative to the popular

belief in those creatures of the elements, which, under the name of Elves and Fairies, exist in the mythology of all countries; and to weave the somewhat discordant materials that are so abundantly to be found respecting them into one harmonious and connected whole.

The faith in these beings of earth and air, "which has been common to all times, and to all nations, grew out of that universal tendency of our nature, to give form and substance to the ideal, and to invest all effects with living and tangible causes. It was this disposition, common to us all, which gave to the wind and the breeze, the forms of Eolus and Zephyr, and even invested abstract qualities, such as love, hope, and charity, with the substantial shapes of humanity."*

It is to the East, that great storehouse of imaginary lore, that we are frequently told to look for the origin of most of the popular superstitions, which have characterized different ages and countries; and which still exist, not only in less civilized lands, but are, even at this day, to be found in our own enlightened empire. In Ireland, the peasant hears the wailing of the fairy or the shriek of the baushee, when the storm howls round his dwelling. In Scotland, and in Wales, the belief in fairies was, *very recently*, if it is not now, common among the peasantry, who dwelt in secluded corners, far from the busy haunts of men. And even in enlightened England, whilst the peasant still fastens the horse-shoe on his door, to keep out ill-luck, and throws his own after a friend, to bring him good fortune; whilst he sees the death of some dear relative prefigured by the curling tallow on the candle; or fancies that misfortune is foreboded by the spilling of the salt,—we have seen one educated man in eating his egg, take care to crush the shell, that it might not serve as a boat to convey the witches across the water in their unhallowed excursions; and others shudder instinctively at the accidental breaking of a wine-glass, thinking that it indicated a severance of friendship. These, and many other superstitions are still current amongst us; the remnants of the popular creed of those ages, when, as Addison tells us, "our fathers looked upon nature with more reverence and honour," than they do at the present day, when the "world is [more] enlightened by learning and philosophy." They then loved to astonish themselves with the

* Churton's Literary Register, vol. ii., p. 56.

apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England, that had not a ghost in it; the churchyards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it: and there was scarcely a shepherd belonging to it, who had not seen a spirit, or witnessed the elfish revels on the haunted green.

Whether the English fairies came to us from the gloomy North, or from the blooming East, is a question still in dispute, amongst those who have undertaken to be their "historiographers." But, as they partake of the qualities of each, we will suppose, that each contributed to form the characters of

> "The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves;
> And those that on the sand with printless foot,
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune."

The East, however, is the fruitful source of the imaginary romantic creeds; and there is much of beauty, much of sublimity to captivate the senses, and to charm the imagination, in some of the "myths" of that country. Take the Persian, for instance, which originating with a simple race, in a pastoral country, where light appears in its utmost splendour, is founded in the belief of a good and evil principle; and in the existence of good and evil genii: the good is personified by light, the evil by darkness. Their genii are the Peris and the Dives. The former, in many respects, resembles the English fairy. Romantic imagination never produced a more enchanting being than the Peris of Persian mythology. They were females; "ever young and ever fair," endowed with every benevolent affection. "They hover," says Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his "Persian Miscellanies," "in the balmy clouds, live in the colours of the rainbow, and, as the exquisite purity of their nature rejects all nourishment grosser than the odour of flowers, they subsist by inhaling the fragrance of the jasmine and the rose." The Persian poets can pay no higher compliment to their mistresses, than to compare them to Peris; and they exhaust all the terms of their flowery language, in describing the attributes of these charming creatures. As Peris no longer range the earth, or roam the air, we must resort to imagination for a conception of their beauty; and Milton's magnificent yet elegant description of a "faery vision," Sir William Ouseley thinks, will give the best idea of a Persian poet's impersonation of a Peri.

"Their port was more than human; as they stood
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play o' the plighted clouds.
I was awestruck.
And, as I passed, I worshipped!"

The country of the Peris is termed Jiunestan; where we find, according to the poets, the province of Shadukim, abounding in all the dazzling luxury of the East; and whose name, signifying pleasure and delight, developes the enjoyments which abound there. Jeeherabad, or the jewel city, is the capital; another city is called Amberabad, or the amber city; and both abound with all that imagination can conceive of the gorgeous and the beautiful. How delightfully does Moore paint his banished Peri's regret, for this land of enchantment.

"'How happy,' exclaimed this child of air,
Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blossoms them all!

"'Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all.'"

The Dives were spirits of a grosser nature, of the opposite sex, and distinguished for qualities as repulsive and revolting, as those of the Peris were attractive and engaging. Ugly and forbidding in appearance,—they were cruel, ferocious, and vindicative in disposition. William Finch, in his "Travels," (which will be found in that curious old collection of voyages and travels, called "Purchas's Pilgrim") tells us that, "At Lahore, in the Mogul's palace, are pictures of Deros or Dives, intermixed in most ugly shapes, with long horns, staring eyes, shaggy hair, great fangs, ugly paws, long tails, with such horrible difformity and deformity, that I wonder the poor women are not frightened therewith." The country of the Dives is situated in the same mountain as Jiunestan; and their chief city, Ahermauabad, is as sumptuous, as luxuriant, and as

splendid as those of the children of light. The Peris and Dives make constant war on each other; thus personifying the antagonism of the good and evil principle; and the Peris frequently invoke the assistance of mortals. The Persian poets relate many tales of the heroes who dare the vengeance of one class of these beings, for the love of the other.

"Similar in their attributes," (says Dr. Drake, in his "Shakspere and his Times,") but with less beauty and brilliancy, were the good and bad genii of the Arabians;" whose qualities,—whether for good or evil, habits, and pursuits,—with their beneficial or other tendency on the affairs of men are depicted with all the gorgeous imagery of the East, in the Oriental fictions;—fictions, that have beguiled many a fair one of the hours of repose, and sown the first germs of manly enthusiasm in the manly breast. Probably the Arabian mythology was derived from the Persian, as the former must have been known at an early period to the Arabs,—"Amongst whom," (says Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,") "the Persian tales and romances, even so early as the time of Mahomet, were so popular, that it required the most terrible denunciations of the legislature to proscribe them." The more cruel and ferocious of the Arabian genii greatly resemble the Persian Dives; and the fairy of Araby the Blest is at least cousin-german to the Peri of Iran. Both have a country to inhabit rich in the pleasures that minister to the senses; whose walls are jewels, and its rivers molten gold; where rain never falls, and all is perpetual sunshine.

The mythology of India and of Egypt does not possess qualities so attractive, as that of Persia and Araby. The popular "myths of both countries appear to have been derived from the same source,—the traditions of the creation and fall of man, the dispersion of mankind, and the deluge; and to these "myths" much may be traced that is found in the legends of Greece and Rome, as well as in those of Scandinavia. The transmission of the Oriental fictions to Europe took place through the agency of that intercourse which the Jews and Moors established between the two divisions of the globe; and the crusades were the means, also, of making the nations of the west better acquainted with the manners and customs,—language and literature—of the east.

The northern nations of Europe were well prepared to receive the Oriental mythology, from their own pre-conceived opinions. A belief in beings partaking of the qualities which have since

been ascribed to the fairies has been current in the north from the earliest ages. As early as the middle of the ninth century, we find Thriodolf, bard to Harold Fairhair, who ascended the throne of Sweden, A. D. 869, recording the adventures of Svegder, the fourth sovereign of that country, when in search of Fairy-land. His first attempt was unsuccessful. He set out a second time, and in the East of Scythia, we are told, he saw rise "suddenly from the plain so vast a mass of rock, that it assumed the appearance of an immense structure or palace. Passing by this pile with his friends, one evening after sunset, having freely enjoyed the pleasures of the banquet, Svegder was surprised to behold a *Dwergar*, *Fairy*, or *Dwarf*, sitting at the foot of the rock. Inflamed by wine, he and his companions boldly advanced towards the elf, who then standing within the gates or portals of the pile, addressed the king, commanding him to enter, if he wished to converse with Odin. The monarch rushed forward, but had scarcely passed the opening of the rock, when its portals closed upon him and the treacherous fairy for ever."*

The Celtic and Gothic mythology may be said, in fact to be the foundation of all our popular creeds; and their resemblance to the oriental fictions may well be accounted for, without the intervention of the crusades. The Celts and Goths migrated to the west of Europe, though at different times, and by different routes, from the same quarter; both were undoubtedly of eastern origin, and both are classed as belonging to the same Caucasii, or Japhetic family. Thor, and Odin or Woden, were their principal deities; and the memory of the latter, whose name may be traced to a word existing in the Anglo-Saxon, signifying the wild or furious one, is still kept alive in the traditions of Germany, as the wild hunter. As a destroying principle he assumed thn name of Nikkar, (or Knickar.) In this character he inhabited the rivers and lakes of Scandinavia; frequently raising sudden storms and tempests, and luring men to destruction. From the Scandinavian *Nikkar*, the river men and river maids,—the Teutonic Nixes, and the Scottish Kelpie—were derived. The popular legends abound with stores of these imaginary beings. The Scandinavians had also their Dwergas, or Elves, famed for their skill in metallurgy; and respecting whom, one of their poets asks:—

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* Drake's "Shakspere and his Times," ii., 206.

"Say—knowest thou the Elf's joyous race?
The banks of streams are their home;
They spin of the moonshine their holiday dress,
With their lily-white hands frolicsome."

Originally, the elves appear to have been distinct from the fairies; the former being the malignant, whilst the latter were the good, spirits. But an amalgamation of the traditions of the East, and those of classical mythology, with the superstitions of Scandinavia, have occasioned all the diminutive beings which fable describes as inhabiting the mountains, or the air, the forest or the dell to be classed under the name of fairies; of which elves, goblins, hobgoblins, kelpies, brownies, boggarts, &c., are considered as particular species. These beings were always divided, however, into bright and black, or good and evil spirits; and the traditions respecting them are, even yet, believed by the peasantry of Denmark, Finland, Sweden, and Norway, the ancient Scandinavia. The good spirits were gifted with a most benificent disposition; they inhabited the regions of the air, and in their intercourse with mortals, always brought blessings in their train. They visited —says Dr. Drake, who collected all the popular traditions respecting Fairies,—the cottages of the virtuous and industrious poor, blessing and assisting their labours. Their government was a monarchy; and they celebrated weddings, and had banquets and rejoicings like mortals. They danced by moonlight, in mazy rounds, on the dewy grass, to the sound of the most enchanting music, leaving distinct traces of their footsteps in circles on the sward, of a beautiful and lively green; or vestiges of what, in the Swedish language, were called, the Elf-dans; a word which has been naturalized in our own tongue. The sward elves were, in nearly every respect, the reverse of the benevolent spirits. Not altogether spirit or mortals, they had an intermediate nature; they dwelt in the bowels of the earth, on mountains, in cave, or in burrow; they were of the same diminutive size as the bright elves, but their features were uncomely; and though sometimes fair in their complexion, yet they were oftener dark and swarthy. They were the harbingers and the dispensers of misfortune; consequently, their presence at a birth indicated a predominance of evil in the future fortunes of the infant. Mischief, either in sport or anger, seem to have been their favourite employment; and when they visited the surface of

the earth, the circular tracery which pointed out the scene of *their* revels, was distinguished from the green ringlets of the bright elves, by the ground being blasted and burnt, wherever their footsteps had been impressed. The incubus, or night-mare, was one of the swart-elves; they also appeared as will-o'-the-wisps, leading peasants astray; and riding horses almost to death, plaiting their manes, &c., were some of their favourite amusements. They were extremely skilful in the manufacture of arms, and worked in the mines, where the explosion of fire-damp and other accidents were attributed to them.

The Scandinavians termed the fairies of the mountain or the hill, "hill-folk;" they were obliging and neighbourly, and could transform themselves into any shape. The "Nis" was a Scandinavian fairy, corresponding with the Scottish Brownie. The country people believed that no farm could go on well without a Nis, who, if the men and maid-servants obtained its favour, did all their work. He would sweep the hearth, fetch the water, clean and curry the horses, and sometimes steal corn for them from a neighbour's stable,—if that neighbour had neglected or offended him. Every church, too, had its Nis, who kept order, and chastised those who misbehaved. But these sprites were sometimes found troublesome inmates, and it was difficult to get rid of them. In the Scandinavian legends, we find one of a man, who lived in a house, where a Nis carried his pranks to such a length, as to become quite a torment; and the tenant determined to quit, and leave the fairy alone in its glory. Several cart loads of furniture and other articles were sent off,—and the last load, consisting of empty tubs, barrels, and things of that sort, was on the point of being despatched,—when, happening to go to the back of the cart, there the man saw the Nis sitting in one of the tubs, evidently intending to accompany him, wherever he went. The merry sprite, laughing at the bewildered farmer, exclaimed—"Ha! we're moving to-day you see!" Similar stories are told of the fairies both in Germany and England; and many tales of the Scandinavian Nisses will be found in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

Sir Walter Scott once imagined, that in the fairy traditions of Finland, we might recognise something of real history. That the Fins, or ancient natives of Scandinavia, were driven into the mountains by the invasion of Odin and his Asiatics, is sufficiently probable; and there is reason to believe, that the aboriginal inhabitants understood, better than the intruders,

how to manufacture the produce of their own mines. It is, therefore, possible, that, in process of time, the oppressed Fins may have been transformed into the supernatural dwergars. A similar transformation has taken place, Sir Walter Scott observes, in Scotland, according to the popular belief regarding the Picts or Peghs, to whom the common people ascribe supernatural attributes. This opinion of Sir Walter, entertained when he published the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," he saw reason, subsequently, to doubt the accuracy of, as appears from an article in the "Quarterly Review." Certain it is, however, he observes, that the Fins were proud of being supposed to have dealings with the devil, until that species of commerce was declared to be contraband; and they were even declared to be wizards and conjurors. But, notwithstanding their skill in magic and metallurgy, they must be distinguished from the cunning workman, who manufactured the hammer of Thor, the golden traces of Siva, and the wealth-begetting ring of Odin,—and who holds a conspicuous place in the wild cosmogony of the Asi.

If we were to develope these traditions according to the hieroglyhic creed of the Rosicrucians, we might contend, that the elves who peopled the mines, and converted the metals into arms or farming implements. were personifications of the metallic elements, or of the gases which are its vehicles within the bowels of the earth, filling the veins which become pregnant with the ore, and circulating, along with the electric and magnetic life of the microcosm. But, perhaps, these ideas are too purely allegorical, to have resulted from the imagination of the scattered Finlanders.

The Samogitiæ, who inhabited the shores of the Baltic, and who remained idolaters so late as the fifteenth century, believed in the existence of a kind of demi-fairies, about a palm high, with beards, whom they called *Kaukie*. To these little beings they made offerings of all kinds of food, to avert their displeasure. They likewise invoked a deity, called *Putseet*, to send them the *Bouterie*, or good fairy, to live with them, and make them fortunate. To effect this, they every night placed in the barn a table, covered with bread, butter, cheese, and ale; if these were taken away before morning, they looked for good fortune, if not for ill luck. Were our farmers to spread tables in their barns overnight, no doubt they would find the viands removed, ere morning, without the intervention of fairies.

Schott, on the authority of Cornelius a Kempis, relates a Frisian superstition to the following purport. "In the time

of the Emperor Lothario, in 830, many spectres inhabited Friesland, particularly the white nymphs of the ancients, whom the moderns denominated *Witle*, or *Wivven*. They were found in a subterranean cavern, formed without human art, on the top of a lofty mountain. They were accustomed to surprise benighted travellers, shepherds watching their flocks and herds, and women newly delivered of children. These captives were conveyed to their cavern, from which subterranean murmurs, the cries of children, the groans and lamentations of men, and sometimes imperfect words, with all sorts of musical sounds, were heard to proceed." The same superstition is detailed by Bekker, in his "World Bewitched;" and Gervase of Tilbury, marshal of the kingdom of Arles, in his "Olio Imperiale," describes the *Dracæ*, or water spirits, who inveigle women and children into the recesses which they inhabit, beneath lakes and rivers, by floating past them, in the shape of gold rings, or cups. The women, thus deceived, were employed as nurses, and were allowed to revisit the earth at the end of seven years. Gervase relates an instance of one woman in particular, "who had been allured by observing a wooden dish or cup float by her while washing clothes in a river. Being seized as soon as she reached the depths, she was conducted into one of these subterranean recesses, which she described as very magnificent, and employed as nurse to the brood of the hag who had inveigled her. During her residence in this capacity, she accidentally touched one of her eyes with an ointment of serpents' grease, by which she acquired the faculty, when she returned to the world, of seeing the Dracæ, when they intermingled with men. Of this power, however, she was deprived by the touch of her ghostly mistress, whom she one day incautiously addressed."

In time, these qualities of the hags were ascribed to the fairies;—and also the abstraction of children from their cradles, and the substitution of a dwarfish elf of their own in the place of the stolen infant, who was taken off to fairy-land, and brought up in the knowledge of all fairy lore.

The German *Guteli*, *Trulli*, or *Trolls*, had all the qualities of the Scandinavian Nis; and Alfs or Dwarfs figure in German mythology. Of the latter, there was a class called *Wrihtlien*, or Little Wights, who were like old men, with long beards, and haunted mines; they were dressed in a habit resembling those worn by the workmen, whom they used to pelt with stones, more out of sport than mischief. "They show themselves

most especially," says Mr. Keightley, translating from the *Deutsche Sagen*, "in places where there is an abundance of ore, and the miners are always glad to see them; they flit about in the pits and shafts, and appear to work very hard, though, in reality, they do nothing. Sometimes they seem as if working a vein; at other times putting the ore into buckets; at other times working at the windlass,—but all is mere show. * * * In Istria, the miners set, every day, in a particular place, a little pot with food in it for them. They, also, at certain times in each year, buy a little red coat, the size of a small boy's, and make the wights a present of it. If they neglect this, the little people grow very angry."*

The celebrated Winederberg, or Underberg, on the great moor near Salzburg, is said by Messrs. Grimm, in their accouut of the "Fairy Mythology" of Germany, to be excavated under the surface, where a variety of stately buildings, interspersed with beautiful gardens, monasteries, and springs of gold and silver, are to be found. This is the abode of the *Wilde Frauen*, or Wild Women of Germany; who, notwithstanding their name, are mild and beneficent beings. They are very beautiful, have fair flowing hair, and are never seen, except alone, or in company with one of their own kind. The German *Kobold*, is the Scotch Brownie, and the English Puck, or Hobgoblin; a good-humoured sprite, who will take care of the house and all in it, if well treated, but who revenges himself very effectually if slighted or neglected.

The Dwarfs or Fairies of Switzerland partake of the character of the people. They are of a lively, benevolent, joyous, disposition; fond of agricultural pursuits; kind to children; and rewarding any service rendered to them tenfold.

The Fairy Mythology of France, Spain, and Italy appear to have been derived from the East. The romances of this country unite in describing the fairy as an inferior spirit, in a beautiful female form, possessing many of the amiable qualities of the Eastern Peris. Not only the species, but individual fairies have been translated to the West from the Oriental regions of romance. "The Peri *Merjan Banou*," (or Merjan Peri) observes Sir Walter Scott, who, in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, has devoted much attention to the subject,—"The Peri Merjan Banou celebrated in the ancient Persian poetry, figures in the European romances

* "Fairy Mythology," ii., 32.

under the name of *Mourgue la Faye*, sister to King Arthur; as *Urgande la Deconnue*, protectress of Armadis de Gaul; and the *Fata Morgana* of Boiardo and Ariosto.

"The description of these nymphs, by the troubadours and minstrels, is in no respect inferior to that of the Peris. In the tale of *Sir Lawful*, in Way's *Fabliauz*, as well as in that of *Gruelan*, in the same interesting collection, the reader will find the fairy of Normandy or Bretagne adorned with all the splendour of eastern description. The fairy *Melusina*, also, who married a Count of Poriton, under condition that he should never endeavour to intrude upon her privacy, was of this latter class. She bore the Count many children, and created for him a magnificent castle by her magical art. Their harmony was uninterrupted, until the prying husband broke the conditions of their union by concealing himself to behold his wife make use of her enchanted bath. Hardly had Melusina discovered the indiscreet intruder, than, transforming herself into a dragon, she departed with a loud yell of lamentation, and was never again visible to mortal eye; although even in the time of Brantome she was supposed to be the protectress of her descendants, and was heard wailing, as she sailed upon the blast, round the turrets of her castle the night before it was demolished.*"

Many traditionary tales are still told in France of fairy origin, particularly in Languedoc; which seems to have been the province where the population was most deeply imbued with a belief in the existence of such beings. In the 13th century, we find the following serious mention of them, in a work ascribed to the Emperor Otto IX. "It has been asserted by persons of unexceptionable credit, that fairies used to choose themselves gallants among men, and rewarded their attentions by an affluence of worldly goods; but, if they married, or boasted of a fairy's favours, they as severely smarted for such an indiscretion." A number of these traditions current at the present day in France are founded on the belief here expressed.

In Brittany,—even now, in the 19th century,—the populace believe, implicitly, in the existence of *The Courriquets*, a familiar, but inoffensive, imp or fairy. These beings are supposed to haunt the precincts of hamlets and large farms, sleeping in the winter upon the hearth-stone, and during the summer months in the stables and out-houses. They shew

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* "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," ii., 136-7.

themselves, generally, very well-disposed, though they are fond of mischief. Their principal amusement consists of knotting the manes of horses, during the night; in causing the logs of wood instead of burning with an equal steady flame, to fly in sparks about the room; and, disguised as will-o'-the-wisps, in beguiling young maidens from the road, when returning at night to their homes. These little goblins are represented as having peculiarly shrill and piercing voices, they wear enormous round hats, which almost entirely conceal their faces, and, as there are several attached to each farm, their number is incalculable.

In many instances, particularly in Italy, the classical mythology is engrafted on the fairy superstitions derived from the East, and the Queen of fairy and her train have appeared as Diana and her nymphs. Even our own Chaucer terms Pluto and Proserpine the King and Queen of the Fairies;* while Bishop Harsnett terms Mercury the Prince of Fairies.† The notions springing from the spirit of chivalry also imparted fresh qualities to the fairies; the invisible world was in many respects, modelled after the material creation; and the spirits of earth and air were described as possessing warlike qualities, as sometimes assuming a knightly form, and as combating with mortals, who sought renown in the achievement of perilous adventures.

It is now time to advert to the Fairies of our own merry island, where the belief in them goes back to a very remote period of "hoar antiquity." Some writers trace this belief to the traditions derived from Druidical superstitions; and it is certain, that the existence of fairies and goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British bards, who mention them under various names, the most common of which signifies, "The Spirit of the Mountains." As to the derivation of the term "Fairy," there are various opinions. Some derive it from the fairness of their complexion; others from *Fata*, the Phareæ of antiquity, or *Fatua*, the wife of Faunus, a rural deity; others from *fæe* or *fay*, which again, by a curious etymology, they derive from *nympha*; whilst another class of etymologists trace its original root to *fatum*, fate. Sir Walter Scott, says the name is derived from the Persian Peri; but it has been observed by a writer in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, that the resemblance between the two words is probably acci-

* In his "Merchant's Tale." † "Declarations of Popish Impostures."

dental; "for *Fairy*, which may be derived from *fair*, was an integral part in our language, before there was any intercourse between England and the East;" besides, as the same writer observes, "the term Peri was never adopted by the Arabs, through whom alone, the learning of the Arabs found its way into Europe in the dark ages." Skinner derives the word *Fairy*, from the Anglo-Saxon, *fanan*, to go, to travel.

But, whatever the name was derived from, the belief was there; and, in the time of Chaucer, the popular belief carried the fairies back to the time when King Arthur reigned in our isle.

"In old days of King Artour,
Of which that Bretons spoken great honour,
All was this land fulfilled of Faerie,
The Elf-Queen, with her jolie company,
Danced full oft in many a green mede,
This was the old opinion, as I rede."

The poet, it will be seen, mentions the "Elf-Queen;" and Fairies were sometimes called Elves. In the "Edda," indeed, we find the words Alfa and Elves, used for the whole tribe of fairy kind. On the name Elves, Sir Walter Scott remarks, that "it is of Gothic origin, and probably signified, simply a spirit of a lower order. Thus the Saxons had not only dun-elfin, berg-elfin, and munt-elfin, spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains; but also field-elfin, wadu-elfin, sal-elfin, and water-elfins,—spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the seas, and of the waters; in fact. they believed these spirits to be present every where, and to pervade all created nature.

Mr. Keightley thinks, that the fairies of England must be divided into two classes;—those of the people, and those of the poets. We do not exactly agree with him; for although when the latter describe fairies the description is embellished,—as poets always embellish every subject which they take in hand,—yet there can be no doubt that the principal qualities ascribed by them to these imaginary beings, were derived from popular traditions, which were numerous and varied. As the Celts, the Danes, the Goths, and the Normans have contributed to people this country, so the Fairy Mythology of England partakes of some of the distinctive features of the creeds of each of those countries; and the severer portions of their belief will be found to be meliorated by the admixture of Oriental and classical superstitions,—the fairies of England possessing some of the qualities of the Dwergas of Scandinavia,

the Peris of Persia, and the sylvan deities of classic mythology.

Let us see what a few of our ancient writers and antiquaries say of the Fairies.

One of the earliest accounts we find of the English Fairies, is given by Gervase of Tilbury, already quoted. "There is," says he, writing of the 13th century, "in the county of Gloucester, a forest abounding with boars, stags, and every species of game which England produces. In a grassy lawn of this forest, there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and otter-hunters are used to ascend, when fatigued with heat or thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place, and of the business is, however, such, that whoever ascends the mount, must leave his companions, and go quite alone. When alone he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, 'I thirst;' and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his stretched-out hand a huge horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom amongst the most ancient English. In the cup, nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake the toil instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with; and then, having performed his service, he waited neither for recompense for his journey, nor for questions and enquiries."* The mysterious cup-bearer was a fairy; and this sylvan hospitality was put an end to by a churl's one day retaining the horn, instead of returning it to the benevolent elf. The then Earl of Gloucester put the robber to death, and presented the horn to the King.

The same old chronicler says:—"They have in England, certain demons, though I know not whether I should call them demons, or figures of a secret and unknown generation, which the French call Neptunes, the English Portunes. It is their nature to embrace the life of comfortable farmers, and when, on account of their domestic work, they are sitting-up all night, when the doors are shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and take little frogs out of their bosom, roast them on the coals, and eat them. They have the countenance of old men,

* "Olio Imperiale," i., 981.

with wrinkled cheeks, and they are of a very small stature, not being quite half-an-inch high. They wear little patched coats, and if anything is to be carried in the house, or any laborious work done, they lend a hand, and finish it sooner than any man could. It is their nature to have the power to serve, and not to injure. They have, however, one little mode of annoying. When, in the uncertain shades of night, the English are riding anywhere alone, the Portune sometimes invisibly joins the horseman; and, when he has accompanied him a good while, he at last takes the reins, and leads the horse into a neighbouring slough. When the animal is fixed and floundering in the mire, off goes the Portune, with a loud laugh; and by sport of this sort, he mocks the simplicity of mankind." *

In the "Discovery of Witchcraft," written in the reign of Elizabeth, Reginal Scott thus notices the popular creed respecting the fairies:—"The Fairies do principally inhabit the caverns and mountains of the earth, whose nature is to make strange apparitions on the earth, in meadows or on mountains, being like men and women, soldiers, kings, and ladies, children, and horsemen, clothed in green, to which purpose they do, in the night, steal hempen stalks from the fields where they grow, to convert them into horses, as the story goes. Such jocund and factious spirits are said to sport themselves in the night, by tumbling and fooling with shepherds and servants in country-houses, pinching them black and blue, and leaving bread, butter, and cheese sometimes with them, which, if they refuse to eat, some mischief shall in general befal them, because of these fairies. And many such have been taken away by the said spirits, for a fortnight or month together, being carried with them, in chariots through the air, over hills and dales, rocks and precipices, till at last they have been found lying, in some meadow or mountain, bereaved of their senses, and commonly of one of their members to boot."

The simple earnestness with which some of the old writers speak of the fairies, is most amusing. Nash, in a tract, called "The Terrors of the Night," says, that fairies ground the "malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours." They also "daunced in green meadows—pinched maids in their sleep, that swept not their houses clean, and led poor travellers out of the way."—In the Wiltshire Collection of Aubrey, relative

* "Olio Imperiale," i., 980.

to the fairies, we find the following narrative:—"In the year 1633-4, soon after I entered into my grammar at the Latin school at Yatton Keynel, our curate, Mr. Hart, was annoyed one night, by these elves or fairies. Coming over the downes, it being neere darke, and approaching one of the fairey daunces, as the common people call them in these parts, viz.—the greene circles made by these sprites on the grasse, he, all at once, sawe an innumerable quantity of pigmies, or very small people, dancing rounde, and singing, and making all manner of odd noyses."

The author of an old tract, called "Round about our Coal Fire," says:—"My grandmother has often told me of fairies, dancing upon the green; and they were little, little creatures, clothed in green. The moment anyone saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck blind of an eye. They lived under ground, and generally came out of a mole-hill. They had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moon-shiny night around, or in a ring, as one may see at this day, upon every common in England, where mushrooms grow."

The divine Milton has recorded the popular opinions of the fairies in his immortal verse:—

——"Young and old come forth play,
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he by friar's lantern led.
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail has thrash'd the corn,
That ten day labourers would not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep."

Writing of the popular belief, at a still later period,—the beginning of the eighteenth century—the antiquary, Bourne,

says:—"Another part of [the winter evening's] conversation turns upon fairies. These, they tell you, have frequently been seen and heard; nay, that there are some still living, who were stolen away by them, and confined seven years. According to the description they give of them, who pretend to have seen them, they are in the shape of men exceeding little: they are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields. When they make cakes, (which is a work they have been often heard at) they are very noisy; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and pastime. But generally they dance in moonlight; when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them, as may be observed in the following morning, their dancing places being very distinguishable; for, as they dance hand in hand, and so make a circle in their dance, so the next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass." *

These passages might be extensively multiplied; but the foregoing are amply sufficient to shew that our ancestors believed in a species of being possessing the properties of spirits; having the power of changing their shapes, and rendering themselves invisible at pleasure.

"Fairy-Land," the abode of these sprites, is described by Randolph, in his pastoral entitled "Arayntas, or the Impossible Dowry," as "a curious park, paled round about with pickteeth; a house made all of mother-of-pearl,—an ivory tennis-court, a nutmeg parlour, saphire dining-room, a ginger hall, chambers of agate, kitchens all of chrystal; the jacks are all of gold, and the spits Spanish needles." Dainty bits were cooked upon these spits, as will be seen by Dr. King's description of Orpheus's fairy entertainments:—

"A roasted ant that's nicely done,
By one small atom of the sun;
These are flies' eggs, in moonshine poach'd,
This a flea's thigh, in scollops scotch'd;
'Twas hunted yesterday i' the park,
And like t'have 'scap'd us in the dark.
This is a dish entirely new,

* The discoveries of Science have destroyed many of the enchantments of our forefathers, and explained many of their superstitions. The existence of "fairy-rings" in our meadows is notorious. Some ascribe them to lightning; others refer them to the work of moles: the most rational theory is, that broached by Mr. Wollaston, in a paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1807. He "refers them to the growth of a species of agarii, which absorbs all nutriment from the soil beneath; and thus for a time destroys the Herbage." Professor Way, also, in a paper read at the Southampton meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, in 1846, attributes them to the agarii, or toad-stools.

Butterflies brains dissolved in dew;
These lovers' vows, these courtiers' hopes,
Things to be eat by microscopes;
These sucking mites, a glowworm's heart;
This a delicious rainbow tart."

The government of the fairies was monarchical,—their king being called Oberon; and their queen Titania or Mab. Under the latter denomination, a different being from the gentle Titania seems to be designated: as Shakspere tells us, that

"This is that very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangl'd much misfortune bodes."

In Ben Jonson's entertainment of "The Satyr" we also find the qualities of Mab enumerated:—

"This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That does nightly rob the dairy;
And can hurt or help the churning
As she please without discerning.
She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And, with sharper nail remembers,
When they rake not up their embers;
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.
This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles;
Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
With a sieve, the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows
Home, through ponds and water-furrows.
She can start our Franklin's daughter
In her sleep, with shouts and laughter;
And on sweet St. Anna's night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

Titania was altogether a more "delicate creature;" and had a numerous attendance of maids of honour, &c., who, with the fairy sovereigns inhabited a palace, which, Drayton tells us,

"Standeth in the air
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests need to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it;
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies away up to the moon,
And thence the fairies can full soon,
Pass to the earth below it.

"The walls of spider's legs are made,
Well morticed, and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that built it;
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Was covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are guilded."

Herrick, who has been called the "Fairies poet-laureate," also gives a fine description of the abode of the tiny race, but it is too long to quote. It is highly fanciful, and evinces an intimate acquaintance with fairy lore.

The Fairies imitated the mortals in their love of pomp and shew; and the state coach of the sovereign of fairy-land has been described by the poets with as much particularity as if the vehicle stood before them when they were writing. Shakspere's lines must be familiar to all, in which he describes Queen Mab's chariot as

"An empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind, the fairies' coachmakers."

The spokes, of "spinner's legs," the cover, of grasshoppers' wings; the traces being made from spiders' webs, and the collars of moonbeams; the whip, of cricket's bone, the lash of film; whilst the coachman was

"A small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid."

Drayton tells us, that the fairy coach was a small shell; the seat, the soft wool of the bee; the cover, the wings of a butterfly; the horses gnats, whose traces were gossamer; and fly Cranion the charioteer.

But the Fairies did not always confine themselves to Fairy-

land; they frequently visited the earth; when they selected the most beautiful spots for their gambols; assembling

"On hill or dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachy margent of the sea,
To dance their ringlets in the whistling wind."

They loved to haunt, as old Lilly tells us in his "Life and Times," "the southern side of hills, mountains and groves;" and who admired "cleanness and neatness of apparel." They also frequented wells and fountains; which was one reason why those places were held in great estimation by our forefathers, who frequently made pilgrimages to them. In Southey's "Joan of Arc," we find the following beautiful passage, descriptive of a fountain of this hallowed and mysterious nature:—

"There is a fountain in the forest called
The Fountain of the Fairies: when a child,
With most delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe, that, on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
It ever has been deem'd their fav'rite tree.
They love to lie, and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the moonshine. Many a time
Hath the woodman shewn his boy where the dark round
On the green sward beneath its boughs, bewrays
Their nightly dance, and bid him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy: and the villagers
Would say, that never evil thing approach'd
Unpunished there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That fill'd me by that solitary spring,
Ceas'd not in riper years, and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe."*

An older, and even a better poet than Southey,—our own Shakspere,—thus describes the spot which Titania selected for repose:—

"A bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with lark wood-bine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

* vol. i., book i.

There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers, with dances and delight.
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

Night was generally the time for the fairies carousals; though it was only the malignant elves whose appearance on earth was exclusively confined to the hours of darkness. When *Puck* reminds *Oberon* that the morn is approaching, and that the "damned spirits all" are flitting to their beds; and

"For fear lest day should look their shame upon
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night,"—

Oberon replies:—

"But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with full blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

Drayton also speaks of fairies sporting in the day-time.

"The fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip thorow the greaves.
At barley-break they play,
Merrily all the day;
At night themselves they lay,
On the green leaves.

The fairy visits did not "make night hideous;" on the contrary, they added new graces to Nature: they sported in the moonbeams, careered through the pathless air; or, tripping it on the green sward, they merrily danced to etherial music, —and,

"In their courses made that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the fairy ground."

Here again Shakspere comes to our aid, to describe the fairy gambols:—

"Ye elves, of dales, brooks, standing hills and groves,
And ye that on the sands, with printless foot,
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make
Of which the ewe not bites; and ye whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew."

Sometimes the fairies visited the abodes of mortals, and gliding through key-holes, or other crevices, they entered the house, and played off many fantastic gambols. Then woe to the maid, who had left her kitchen untidy, or dirty, full sharply was she pinched,—whilst those who had done their work neatly were rewarded. Brown, in his "Britannia's Pastoral," tells us it was the practice of the Fairy Queen to dispense justice from a hillock, which rose in "a pleasant mead;" when

"She did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves,
And further; if by maidens oversight,
Within-doors water were not brought at night,
Or if they spread no table, sat no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head;
And for the maid that had performed each thing,
She in the water-pail bade leave a ring."

But the fairies did not confine themselves merely to rewarding those who did well: some of them would frequently do the household work, and perform the business of the farm themselves. The domestic fairies were called by different names in different counties. In Yorkshire the Boygart, or the Barguest, had all the qualities of the Nis of Scandinavia; and a legend is told of a farmer removing to get rid of a mischievous Boygart, which teased his children by snatching from them their bread and butter, drinking their milk, &c., precisely similar to the one already related of the Nis. A species of fairies also dwelt in mines; and were seen and heard, imitating the actions of the workmen. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is one of those fairies who has been most distinctly individualized. He was a playful, mischievous imp, but also an industrious one. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the qualities of this fairy are described. He teazed the maids by skimming the milk, and leaving them no cream; he prevented the butter from churning, and the yeast from fermenting;

he lurked in a "gossip's bowl," in the "likeness of a roasted crab," and when she drank, he disappeared, spitting the ale over the unfortunate old crone. Others he deceived by appearing as a "three-foot-stool," and slipping from under them; and horses he also deceived, by "neighing in likeness of a filly foal." Drayton also tells us—

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
On purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

Bishop Corbett tells us that to turn your cloaks would reverse Puck's charms:—

"Turn your cloaks,
Quoth he, for Puck is busy in these oaks,
If ever you at Bosworth would be found,
Then turn your cloaks, for this is fairy ground."

But Puck would sometimes set to work, and grind the malt, or mustard, or sweep the house, at midnight; and then he must be rewarded; for if, says Bishop Harsnett, "the bowl of curds and cream were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse, the dairy maid, why then either the pottage was burnt the next day in the pot, or the cheese would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the vat never would have good head." The Friar mentioned by the good bishop is Friar Rush, an impersonation, in fact, of the evil spirit; who is supposed to have taken up his abode in some abbey, where the inmates are lax in the performance of their duties; and, in the disguise of a friar, to have performed many acts which bring a scandal on religion. He is sometimes confounded with Robin Goodfellow, and had various other names, such as "Will-o'-the-wisp," "Jack-o-lantern," "Kitty-with-a-wisp," "Kit-with-the-canstick," or candlestick, &c. The wisp in these combinations, signifies, says Brand, a little twist of straw, or straw torch-light, "as if Will, Jack, or Kit, were going about with lighted straw torches in their hands."

Mr. Croker, who has done so much to perpetuate the memory of the fairy legends of Ireland, says, he has taken some

pains to seek after stories of elves in England,—but he finds, the belief has nearly disappeared; and in another century, he thinks, that no traces will remain, except in the works of the poets and antiquarians. The superstition is not, however, even yet extinct; but is still prevalent in remote districts among the "common people," In Devonshire, the *Pixies*, (or *Piskeys*, or *Pucksies*) are still remembered as "little people and merry dancers;" caverns and holes are called the haunts of the pixies. On the borders of Cornwall, and on Dartmoor, the people speak of them as "the ancient inhabitants;" and they are described as being very fond of music. They steal children or rather exchange them; and according to a writer in the "Athenæum" a woman is now living at Totness, who is said to have been changed at her birth. Like the dwergas, the pixies understand metallurgy, and are fond of working in mines.—In Hampshire, the name of *Colt-pixy* is given to a supposed spirit or fairy, which, in the shape of a horse, neighs, and misleads horses into bogs.—In Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, various traditions relating to fairies, and other supernatural beings, are still told and believed.

Mr. Keightley says, that he has conversed with a girl from Norfolk, who said she had often seen the *fairies!* She described them as being clad in white; as living under the ground, where they constructed houses, bridges, &c., and she adds, that it was not safe to go near them, when they came above ground.—It is not many months since, that going into a house in Norwich, we noticed a very curious conical stone, somewhat larger than a plover's egg. On inquiring what it was, we were told "a fairy loaf." It had been found near Shotesham, where they were frequently met with; and the people there believe, that while they kept a stone of this kind in their houses they would never want bread.

Mr. Keightley also encountered a person from Somerset, who upon making a cake, marked it with a cross, "to prevent the *Vairie!* dancing upon it." This person described the fairies, as very small people, who, with the vanity peculiar to little people, wear high-heeled shoes; and said, if a new-made cake were not duly crossed, they danced upon it, and imprinted on it the mark of their heels. "Our informant," says Mr. Keightley, "seemed to entertain no doubt whatever of the existence of the fairies:" and many people may be found who still believe in the old traditions,—and who think, with Wordsworth, that we are surrounded by intelligences, who tempt us,

or sustain us,—injure or protect us,—as their dispositions are good or evil. But—generally speaking,—the belief is no longer *popular* in the proper sense of the term: a more rational, if not a more pleasant creed, now is ours;—we no longer believe in the Elf-King and all his company; or revel in the popular legends, which detail their wild and wonderful adventures.

"They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished; they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moorlands,—ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all;—
The elfin visions that so blest the sight,
In the past days romantic. Nought is heard
Now in the leafy world but earthly strains,
Voices yet sweet, of breeze, of bird, and brook,
And waterfall;—the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute!"

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING; OR, THE "COCK AND BOTTLE" AND THE "MOONRAKERS."

By W. B. Bateman.

Chapter I.

A dirty soap-sud tinted sky, a murky mulligatawney kind of air, hung over Town, telling the great, as they lolled on their beds of feather, and the poor, as they rose from their pallets of straw, that the month of November had arrived in all its suicidal glory.

A dense fog intruded its dingy presence through every crevice in every house. The maid, who was cleaning the door-steps, had grown so raw about the arms, and inflammatory about the eyes, that she would not list to the charming of the milkman charmed he never so wisely. Old ladies wheezed as they mounted their copper-coloured false fronts; old gentlemen hiccoughed in pulling on their boots, as if they had come from the arms of

Deaf Burke instead of the arms of Morpheus. The fog lurked everywhere like an evil spirit. It crept up stairs, making the banisters perspire as it past; it hung in charnel drops upon the walls; it filtered through the beard of the proprietor of the early breakfast-stall in Holborn, and it oozed into his coffee-pot, giving the chickory fluid an unnatural aroma which puzzled the cabmen at their perpendicular *déjeûner*.

Nor was the vapour less intrusive in a certain neighbourhood of theatrical note, where the "Cock and Bottle" adorned one side of the way, and the sign of the "Moonrakers" flourished on the other. Though the lane was narrow, they were mutually invisible; and the potboy, standing in his white apron at the door of the "Moonrakers," showed filmy as a gossamer to the chattering chambermaid of the opposite tavern. The potbearer was obliged, therefore, to prelude his conversation by crossing over. The two servitors in the Temple of Bacchus then entered into council; for there were to be grand doings that day in the lane. Mrs. Amelia Stunning, sole proprietress of the "Moonrakers," was about to present her hand and heart, and business and fixtures, to Mr. Juniper Tipple, of the "Cock and Bottle," and in their marriage the opposite taverns were to be opposition ones no more.

The late Mr. Stunning and the present Mr. Tipple had been rivals from time immemorial. If the former gentleman painted his shop, the latter gentleman gilded *his* temple until it shone like gingerbread at a country fair. If Mr. Stunning vaunted his stout as being the best in the world, Mr. Tipple met him by stating that *his* stout was the best in the *universe*. The "Moonrakers" started a Free-and-easy Club; the "Cock and Bottle" stumped it out with the Glorious Apollo Society. Mr. Stunning started a one-horse drag, in which his wife and he drove forth every Sunday morning with a blaze of ribbons and shirt-pins. Mr. Tipple, being a bachelor, checkmated this move by setting up an audacious-looking dog-cart, which trumped the one-horse chaise and took the trick triumphantly.

In spite, however, of all these trials, mine host of the "Moonrakers" might have lived in the little snuggery behind the bar, sunning himself in the smiles of Mrs. S., and our tale might never have been told, had he not indulged somewhat too free an acquaintance with the choice spirits that haunted his vaults. But, day by day, the double stout made Mr. Stunning stouter; the port added to his portliness; the heavy wet moistened his clay until it grew heavier and heavier; the cream o' the valley

mounted into the upper regions of his brain, and Mr. Stunning would have gone off with spontaneous combustion at one end, but for an attack of *delirium tremens* at the other. Mr. Stunning died.

His widow buried him with all the honours due to a departed husband. The coaches which bore him from his own vaults to those of the churchyard were—like a bantam cock about June—in the very highest feather; the mutes were so well treated, both with fees and ale, that his funeral was "*performed*" as effectively as the fair *Ophelia's* at Drury-lane; and his lady mourned him over little tea-parties in the little back parlour with the most becoming weeds that a defunct Benedict could desire.

From that moment Mr. Juniper Tipple became an altered man. He sent to inquire after the widow, and finding that she was *as well as could be expected*, he called upon her himself in a sympathetic suit of rusty black. While she sighed over the memory of the lost, and wept just tears enough to show her sensibility without putting her *hair out of curl*, Mr. Tipple hid his face and his emotions behind a very white cambric handkerchief. This tenderness touched the widow; and when, at last, he spoke of the pleasure it would afford him to relieve that loneliness which must fall with double anguish on *one so young—so fitted to adorn society*—by calling sometimes at the "Moonrakers," Mrs. Stunning was melted into the expression of a wish that Mr. Tipple would stop to tea.

Mr. Juniper Tipple *did* stop; and his prowess at the "tea-fight" was a thing to marvel at. His eloquence was as soft and soothing as the buttered toast that hissed beside them on the hob; and the widow drunk it in admiringly with her best bohea. Mr. Tipple did everything. He poured out the tea, and put in the sugar, and along with it such words of sweetness as fell upon the captive lady's heart like salt upon the sparrow's tail. Luscious as honey, ay, as the honeycomb—polished as the sporting chronicles of *Bell's Life*, which, indeed formed Mr. Tipple's chief literary diet—were his periods during the concoction and demolition of the toast and muffins. They arrived at their last cups. Would not Mr. Tipple take *a drop of something* in this final draught, just to qualify the rawness of his former libations?

"No," said Mr. Tipple—conscious that he had made an impression, and rising to depart before he spoilt the effect—"no, my dear madam, I never mixes the tap with the tea; the par-

lour, madam, should be inviolate, I always worships the ladies with Tea-*Deums!*"

"Considerate creature!" thought the widow, as he tendered his adieus. How different from the poor dear departed Mr. S.!"

She gazed into the mirror on the mantelpiece, and the sorrow of her late bereavement was much relieved by the evidence it gave that widow weeds became her.

And Mr. Tipple presided that night among the Glorious Apollos; drank sixteen glasses of grog, toasted the widow in a bowl of punch, and wound up by singing, to the memory of the late Mr. Stunning, the popular ditty of "Down among the Dead Men."

Thus matters progressed from week to week, and everything resumed its accustomed tranquility at the "Moonrakers." The widow passed from full mourning to half mourning, and then, proceeding through several other stages of dress, deemed indispensable to such an occasion by the *soft* sex, she came by degrees, to the last scene of all, and spread forth her gayest plumes like a peacock in the sunshine. Every change of attire which this lady made in her passage from grub-like crape to butterfly-coloured scarlet was accompanied by a responsive echo in the externals of Mr. Tipple. He doffed the rusty black for a less pensive shooting jacket, and that was displaced in turn by a cut-away coat with brass buttons, which had never been known to fail in destroying the peace of mind of any woman against whom it was directed.

It was on a bright October morning, when Mr. Tipple had just finished the adornment of his person for the day, that the beauty of this cut-away vestment struck him with more than usual force. He gazed upon the capacious pockets, and thought how well they were adapted to contain the widow's gold. He contemplated the buttons, and their brass reminded him of a similar metal in his own composition.

"Dash my buttons!" said Mr, Tipple, "if I don't s'prise the old gal to-day!"

Widows of thirty-five have none of the simpering hesitation of sixteen,—they know better. They have weighed the tyrant man in the balance and found him wanting; they know that he is a despot in his supremacy—the monarch trout in the stream of life; but trouts may be tickled, and so they trust to play upon the weak point of the tyrant lord. Give them but time to learn the seat of strength, and ruthless are the Delilahs with their shears.

While Mrs. Stunning, therefore, accepted for her future master the landlord of the "Cock and Bottle," she did not cover her face to conceal a blush, but to hide the absence of one; and the whole affair was arranged over a light luncheon of boiled beef and bottled stout, as tranquilly as if it had been a trip to the play, instead of a leap into matrimony.

A month elapsed after the conquest of the cut-away coat; Mr. Tipple's tailor had built him another one, in which every button was—like Mr. Ainsworth's "Revelations of London"—more astonishingly astounding than the last; and, lo! the auspicious day had dawned which opens our tale.

There was a great deal of bustle, as we have already said; and it grew more exciting every minute, owing to the arrival of the guests who were to grace the nuptial banquet.

The potboy had washed his face into such unwonted cleanliness that his intimate friends scarcely recognised him; and the mottled soap had given the chambermaid an equally shining countenance. The waiters in both taverns had been dressed *cap-à-pié* since six in the morning; and their strangulatory white ties, their shirts, "got up regardless of expense," and their tenpenny pairs of white Berlin gloves were in a style of reckless outlay never witnessed in the lane before.

The widow assumed her orange-flowers, and struggled into her white kid gloves, and then sat down again to lay such a foundation in the shape of coffee and hot rolls as would enable her to withstand the fatigues of the day, and show a genteel delicacy of appetite at the breakfast.

The bridegroom on his part had dressed and undressed himself three several times without satisfying his anxious mind that his attire was "a tiptop turn-out." At last, having finished himself, in a fit of inspiration, he surveyed his person before the glass with the placid tranquillity of success. His salmon-coloured pantaloons fitted tightly round a pair of legs which kept that independent distance from each other known under the name of bandiness. His waistcoat was of purple hue, tastefully *picked out* with crimson. His coat was green like a billiard-board, with pockets which carried out the simile, and, adding thereto a just estimate of the velvet collar and gilded buttons, malice itself must have agreed with the potboy who asserted that it was "nobby." For the rest, it is merely necessary to add that the bridegroom's scarf was of a bright blue, adorned with a pattern of sportsmen and dogs, and surmounted by a magnificent pin, the gold of which partook, perhaps, in some

degree of the Mosaic dispensation. And thus, with his gloves *in* his hand—as he had found it impossible to get them *on*—Mr. Juniper Tipple stood ready for the field.

Not a bit too early either, for St. Dunstan's Church struck ten as he finished, and the old bell of St. Paul's struck ten; and then, as if that had been a signal for general excitement among the neighbouring clocks, every bell far and near followed the example, much in the same way that the "strike" of a dozen men in a colliery sets hundreds of workmen striking.

"Deuce of a day, by-the-by!" said Mr. Tipple, in allusion to the fog, as he sauntered leisurely down stairs; "sky looks as dull and sickly as ale after thunder; never mind—clear up, perhaps, in time for the journey."

"How are you, my pippin?" exclaimed the voice of the bridegroom's man, who had waited for the victim below in the tap; "dirty weather I calculate—but it'll brighten up in the fall of the day. Ah! none of these here gin-flip kind of atmospheres in *our* free enlightened country, I guess,—the sun *does* shine there—tarnation—*it* does."

And when we inform the reader that Mr. Cataline Crimp was an American citizen, it will be unnecessary to explain the tone of his reply, or comment upon the effective way in which he wound it up.

Besides Mr. Tipple, the publican, and Mr. Cataline Crimp the republican, there was Mr. Ginger, a horsedealer, and Mr. Whiffles, a gentleman in the dog-fancying line, both of them bosom friends of the bridegroom, and, like him, very strong in painted shirts and flowery scarves.

They each and all shook hands with Mr. Tipple, and then inflicted sundry pokes in the ribs upon him, which were considered first-rate effusions of slyness, and intended to impress him with their admiration of his "knowingness" in basketing the widow.

But there was no time to spare in the further pursuit of these pleasantries. The fly was at the door, and the horse was decked with satin bows as if for an ancient sacrifice; and the driver was drowsy from the gin and water he had drunk to keep the fog out, so that there was some difficulty in rousing him to consciousness. By dint, however, of a little shaking, he was brought to a sense of his duty, and, the four gentlemen having stepped inside, he started off for the church, which was only two or three streets distant.

There certainly never *had* been such a fog before; like the

gloom described in Holy Writ, it was a darkness that could be felt. The wedding party coughed and sneezed, the horse's breath puffed from it in volumes of smoking vapour, and the driver rolled from side to side of his box, partly owing to the effect of the fog upon his constitutional asthma, partly owing to the effect of gin and water, which he loved, "not wisely, but too well."

They reached the end of the street, and were turning the corner, when their vehicle came to a sudden pause.

"What's the matter now?" ejaculated Mr. Tipple.

"We're a pretty *tall* time getting round this corner," said the republican Cataline.

"Hollo! you sir!" cried Mr. Whiffles, putting his head out of window, and addressing the driver; "any screw loose? or have you put on your nightcap to go to sleep for the night?"

Still no reply. The coachman was almost invisible in the mist, and the only sounds that reached them were stentorian voices muffled by the smoky air, and a curious rushing noise on every side of the vehicle.

The eager bridegroom let down the front blind, and gave the check-string a long pull and a strong pull, which nearly wrung off the driver's little finger altogether.

"Can't get on sir!" replied that drowsy individual, whom the dislocation of his finger had wakened from a gin-and-watery dream; "it aint possible sir,—we're in the midst of a drove of bullocks that keep a runnin' at the old oss as if he was a 'ousemaid in a red shawl!"

"Then back him home again!" replied Mr. Tipple.

"Can't do that neither, sir," answered the driver, "'cos the other party is close behind, and they're a-swearing tremendous!"

"Well, this is pleasant, upon my soul," exclaimed Mr. Tipple, and he burst into a cold perspiration, and sank back into his seat simultaneously.

"We'd better a-walked!" said Mr. Whiffles; "but then you are no more made for walking in them there clothes than a spaniel bitch with her hair combed and her tail tied in a bow!"

"They have walking funerals," continued the sententious Cataline, "and I reckon there ain't no airthly reason agen walking marriages."

"None whatever," muttered the bridegroom, with the tone of a desperate resolve; "so here goes, and if ever I gets safe

home I'll drown that d—d driver in a vat of sour beer, like the Clarence in history whom the boots was named after."

With which vow of vengeance Mr. Tipple opened the door of the fly and was about to descend with dainty care, in order to preserve the glossiness of the salmon-coloured pantaloons, when lo! his foot rested upon what? Not upon the ground—not upon the steps of the vehicle, but upon the shaggy back of some animal unseen—unknown. Mr. Tipple's foot slipt, he found himself bestride the creature, and, clasping his arms round its neck in the agony of despair, he was borne, like "Arion on the dolphin's back," away—away—away!

Just at that moment an opening presented itself in front, the driver dashed through, the party behind followed, and thus the whole cavalcade reached the church-door minus the chief actor in the matrimonial melodrama.

The bride and her ladies, and the bridegroom's men, were ushered, by the beadle, into the vestry, where they were severally saluted by the clergyman and clerk, who both looked as if the cold had settled in the end of their noses, never more to be thawed away. The fire, which had only just been lighted, struggled despondently to give them a warmer welcome, but it would not do; and so, after the first rustling of dresses, and a general fit of coughing was over, silence fell upon the whole party.

Then the inquiry ensued as to the whereabouts of the bridegroom, which was no sooner explained than the young ladies gave way to a violent degree of excitement. The widow, on hearing it, commenced preparations for a faint, by breathing very hard, and taking out her pocket-handkerchief and gasping spasmodically like a perch, when that hungry fish finds the bait more difficult to swallow than Macbeth's "amen;" and the betrothed one was only saved from a swoon by the interposition of her female friends, who implored her not to "take on," and titillated her nostrils with all kinds of scents and perfumed waters.

At length Mr. Cataline Crimp was so "tarnation riled" in in spirit to see the general agitation, that he offered to go and look for the bridegroom; and, his offer being accepted, he set out in search of the lost sheep, with the hopeless determination of one who seeks the north-west passage, or the philosopher's stone.

Chapter II.

The reader will remember, that we left Mr. Juniper Tipple astride the back, and embracing the neck, of some unknown

monster that abducted him away from marriage and all his hopes, as he stepped from the fly on the road to church. This viewless haunter of the fog was no other than a short-horned curly-haired Welsh bull, one of a drove which various rustics with hoarse voices, and candles in their hats, were goading, cursing, and belaboring to Smithfield.

No sooner did the animal—smarting with infliction of numberless kicks and sore by reason of the tenpenny nail which armed the goad—feel the additional insult of a rider, than he started off at the utmost of his clumsy speed, and was rapidly lost in the fog. With the instinct of despair Juniper clung to the erratic charger, which bore him through everything, and over everybody, as recklessly as if the ground had been laid out for a steeple-chase. Their course was not strewed with flowers—except flowers of rhetoric, but these latter exotics of language were showered upon them with infinite profusion. The Irish fruit lady, who kept a stall at the corner, and smoked a short black clay pipe all day until she became as sleepy as her own apples, resented the upset of her establishment in voluminous badinage. Scarcely had Juniper been borne away from her fervid eloquence, than they came in contact with a waiter from a neighbouring tavern, who was carrying a mutton chop, a piece of bread, and a pint of mild porter upon a tray to the two-pair-back-room of a literary lady living near. The waiter was cast away in the gutter, the chop flew high in the air, the bread (for once) came down, and the porter besprinkled Juniper's salmon-colored pantaloons. What the literary lady said at the dispersion of her lunch, the haste of the curly-haired Welsh bull did not permit Mr. Tipple to pause and enquire. Probably —as she belonged to the *high-tone* school, and everything about her *breathed with a purpose* from her red nose to her mittened hands—she treated the misfortune with the philosophy peculiar to her class. Whether or no, Juniper was carried off indifferently along the darkened thoroughfare of Holborn; while the tightness of his clasp, and the rattle of his heels against the animal's sides, made it increase rather than diminish its speed. At last he gave himself up to despair: the cherished pantaloons were stained with ignoble porter; his eyes were so blinded with the fog that he was compelled to shut them, and here was he—oh! agony unutterable—so proud, so sleek of late, hurried away from his bride by a curly-haired Welsh bull.

Such a race at such a time soon began to attract attention. Some link-boys followed first. Then twenty or thirty juveniles

who had just been emancipated from a couple of day-schools took up the pursuit. With their heads full of Latin, and their mouths full of hard-bake, the ingenuous youths gave forth the *view-halloo ;* and followed howling in the rear of Mr. Juniper Tipple like wolves in the track of a Siberian caravan. It was not often that those young gentlemen had such a chance. The reader, therefore, will easily guess that no band of fearless marauders could have more effectually maddened the infuriate bull. Nor were the arrows of their wit less prodigally lavished upon the victim, whose course was cleared in every direction by the cry, which went before, to "make way for the cove on the cow."

"Stop him!" shrieked the day-scholars with one accord.

"Stop him!" cried the people in front; and a cabman, who put out his hand to arrest Mr. Tipple, completed his misery by missing his aim, and tearing off the tails of the all-conquering green coat.

Then arose the chorus of the boys again, enquiring in stinging satire wherefore Mr. Tipple did not "put the drag on," or "ride inside the bull, and pull the blinds down," to all which Juniper was silent. The bemiring of his pantaloons was a dire disappointment, the cries and taunts of the multitude were wormwood to his soul; but he felt the despoilment of his coat, and the ravishment of his tails, with the tenderness of a Chinese, and the force of nature could then no further go. He sank into a state of mental syncopy, and was only awakened from insensibility by a heavy fall in a muddy steaming soil.

"Why!" said a rough-looking burlesque of a man in greasy cords and hobnails, as Mr. Tipple stared about him, "why I say my chicken, is this ere the way you rides your bulls to *Smiffel?*"

It was true. The bridegroom was positively lying in a Smithfield cattle-pen!

* * * * *

Meantime the weeping widow mourned her errant knight in the church vestry. The clock passed from quarters to half-hours; the widow's patience passed from sorrow to anger; the parson's nose passed from red to purple; and the bridesmaids —who were lean and elderly withal—passed from condolence to spite, and thanked heaven they had never given a *male thing* the chance of serving *them* so, which only arose from their never having had an opportunity.

Indeed this acidity common to advanced spinsterhood reminds

a contemplative mind very forcibly of the fox and the grapes, or of the blind gentleman who consoled himself for the loss of his eyes by the reflection that there was nothing in the world worth seeing.

One o'clock struck. The widow grew pale and desperate: the parson's mind misgave him. His services were required to bury a parishioner, and the indecorum of bringing the quick and dead together—though marrriage is declared by bachelors a species of extinction—pained him no less than the recollection of a broiled fowl, which he had ordered for dinner, but feared would be overdone. Parson Peck had a reverend care for his stomach, it was part of his system. "Digestion," he said, "depended on food, and temper on digestion, and spiritual health on the tranquility of the physical organs, they hung together like the thirty-nine articles, and man could no more be happy in the Elysian fields, if his cook failed him, than he could pierce the mystery of a French ragoût." Parson Peck, therefore, sighed very plaintively when he considered how much his priestly duties might suffer by the derangement of his dinner. The bridesmaids, too, subsiding into silence, began to nibble the ends of their gloves with latent appetite. The gentlemen had long exhausted their stock of affability and their small talk, growing each minute smaller than ever, was just on the verge of extinction, when Mr. Cataline Crimp rushed into the vestry breathless and alone.

"Have you seen him?" exclaimed the whole party in a chorus of feminine treble and masculine bass.

"I guess he ain't to be seen!" gasped Cataline.

"Could you find him nowhere?" chimed the bridal party once again.

"He is both found and lost!" replied the citizen of the "freeest nation on airth,"—"the fog is so plaguy thick that everyone is going where he shouldn't;—a lady who was on the road to Meeting has tumbled through a dram-shop window into a butt of treble X.,—the players have walked by mistake into Exeter Hall, and the girls with tracts and spectacles into Laurent's Casino,—and a man—"

"Well!" exclaimed the widow with spasmodic throes.

"A man in salmon pants and cut-away coat—"

"That's him!"

"Tumbled through the window of the grocer's shop in Holborn, and walked slap into the steam-engine, which has ground him up with the coffee nibs!"

The bridesmaids had their smelling-bottles out in an instant, but this time the widow was too soon for them—she was far gone in a swoon before they could get the corks out.

* * * * *

At the very moment that this appalling announcement was made regarding the fate of Mr. Juniper Tipple, that gentleman, unconscious of all save the mud of Smithfield, was escaping from the embraces of the cattle and the playfulness of the sheep which tenanted the pen he had invaded.

His dress was a total wreck, in which no trace of salvage could be seen from the coat,—which, by the loss of its tails had been reduced to a jacket—to the shirt wherein the painted ballet girls seemed to be dancing upon a stage of yellow mire. So soiled with ordure was his outward man, that he appeared, in obedience to the law of nature to have returned to the clay which constitutes our physical being.—Juniper's heart was too full for tears, or he would have wept.

Nor were his sorrows over, for the drovers favoured him with all sorts of sarcasm in every patois that England can boast. The little boys too, who had been distanced in the chase now came in at the death. The impression on their classical young minds was, that Juniper must be a conjuror, and that his career on the cow was merely meant as a preamble to something like the Olympic games. No sooner therefore had they recovered their breath than they formed a circle, and having secured all the best places, proceeded to open the entertainment with three cheers for the Nimrod of Smithfield.

"Here's a lark—chuck him a halfpenny Jack—no more school to-day—huzzah!"

"Wo'nt old Verbose be in a rage!" exclaimed another young gentleman in allusion to a certain master who thought Greek could only be driven into the head by continual flagellation of the ulterior frames; "but what shall we tell the old buffer for an excuse!"

"Lost in the fog to be sure;—Xenophon be hanged,—conjuring for ever—huzzah!—see! he is going up for his little-go!"

Mr. Tipple rose from the mire as dolefully as Satan from the burning marl, and began to glare vacantly upon the assembled multitude. He pressed his forehead with both hands, then his gaze travelled mournfully over his attire, and he felt for his pocket handkerchief, but it had vanished with the pocket of the long lost coat tails. A great deal more panto-

mime of the same description was indulged in by Juniper during the different stages of his recovery to consciousness. The boys took it for granted that he was "doing the statues," and applauded every change of attitude with vociferous uproar. But unimaginable was their discontent and contumely when Juniper, having gathered together his tattered dress and scattered wits, leaped over the fence, and commenced a rapid retreat.

Just then, the fog began to give place before a glimpse of sunshine, so that our hero was enabled to take a turning which led to the "Cock and Bottle." The boys were soon in full cry again, but they had no chance with Juniper, winged as he was by despair. Doubling through the blindest alleys and most impenetrable lanes into Holborn, he was about to pass the church, not daring to look in, when a cluster of people at the door attracted his attention. It was the bridal party with their faces drowned in tears and buried in pocket handkerchiefs. He forgot the ruin of his attire, the bewilderment of his head, the loss of his tails, and rushed into the widow's arms. Fortunately the lady had been fainting so long that she had no further sensibility to exhaust. They returned to the altar, the parson was awakened from a hungry doze, and Mr. Juniper Tipple and Mistress Amelia Stunning became man and wife, for better or worse as the case might be.

If the nuptial day was inasuspicious, the festival which took place that night at the "Moonrakers" made ample amends. Mrs. Tipple had mingled splendor and taste together in a harmonious whole that defied competition, and could only be accounted for by the circumstance of her knowing a lady who *kept company* with a gentleman who was valet to the Duke of Dunflyer.

The large saloon where the "Free and Easies" met was chalked for the ball; waiters stood at the doors and on the staircase to announce the guests, and a piano had been hired, together with a man in a worked false front and moustaches to play upon it.

In due course the guests arrived, and the scene was soon as full of life as a Dutch cheese. There was a host of licensed victuallers, the redness of whose noses from long potations, was only equalled by the brilliant scarlet of the dresses that swathed their better halves. Some freemasons, too, with cabalistic characters upon a sash created great awe upon their first entrance, but this restraint died away when those men of

mystery forgot the solemn secrets of their brotherhood sufficiently to dance the polka. And there was a variety of young ladies with berthas and bouquets, who deemed waltzing the summit of human bliss; and there was a variety of young gentlemen who had taken twelve lessons for a guinea at Mr. Felstead's academy in order to perfect their execution of the Cellarius. And the bride, no longer tearful, looked so young in her blonde, and Mr. Tipple in a magnificent waistcoat was so gay and lustrous, that all went merry as a marriage-bell. Nor was the conviviality marred for a single moment, except by the arrival of an old gentleman from the country, who did not understand why the waiters *would* call his name up stairs, and repeatedly assured them that he was coming up as fast as as he could, and that "they needn't hollor out to him in that way." After paying his respects surlily to the host, this innocent patriarch held himself aloof in a corner as one aggrieved, and would not be comforted until supper time, when he ate two or three pounds of roast beef, and went away early.

Little heeding him, however, the fun proceeded very merrily. The lamps and the young ladies' eyes grew rivals in light; the moustachioed gentleman in the false front played several leagues of polka; and between the dances servants brought plates of sandwiches,—those refuges for destitute fat and unmanageable gristle.

Supper elicited a number of speeches, which commenced with "Ladies and Gents," and ended with an explosion of rattling glasses, and prattling lasses, and hip-hips and haw-haws and hurrahs. Then the feast became fast and furious, and the conversation incoherent and wild. Mr. Tipple was returning thanks the third time to his guests for drinking his health and his wine, when he sunk back in the chair asleep, and finally disappeared under the table. The rest of the banquetters were not far behind. Even the married men refused to part, when their wives were waiting with their "things on," but asserted instead a rooted determination not to go home till morning.

The last portion of this memorable event which any of the revellers could recall, was about five in the morning. At that time most of them had left the festive board and made the floor beneath do the duty of a bedstead. A few still carolled forth bacchant stanzas in their dreams; and one young gentleman in the commercial travelling line was glorifying the attributes of a lady with whom he had danced, and instituting a

mental calculation as to whether her silk dress could be "put in" at *two and nine* or *two and seven*. Mr. Cataline Crimp alone contrived to start for home, but having mounted a lamp-post to light his cigar, he was so overcome with drowsiness, that he put his arms round the lamp, and subsided into slumber. As the policemen could not fetch him down, he passed a cheerful night, and was dreaming that America had repudiated all mankind, when he was brought down from his roost by means of a ladder, and fined five shillings for being drunk.

FINE ARTS.—THE VERNON GALLERY.

The laudable spirit of speculation which prompts industrious individuals of the Israelitish creed never to lose a chance of "making a penny," and other equally praiseworthy members of the *mobocracy* to imitate their example, having for some months past neutralized the good intentions of the Trustees of the National Gallery in issuing tickets gratis for viewing the Vernon collection of pictures, we have not cared either to purchase tickets of these forestallers of public property, or to be rudely shouldered by the above amiable individuals in order to again view this fine collection since its addition to the public Treasury of Art.

The wishes of the Trustees, were, to issue gratis, a ticket to any decent person who might apply during the time for distributing them: but, unfortunately for intentions so good, the desire to make no distinction of persons whatever, produced just the opposite effect; for the very high character borne by Mr. Vernon's collection of works of Art, and the sensation naturally caused by a gift so munificent, created a great desire in all classes of persons to view the Gallery. In this way the hall of the National Gallery was besieged during the time of distribution by persons, who, strictly speaking, had no right to the tickets at all,—not caring in the least for the tickets as a means of viewing the pictures, but obtaining them for no other purpose than to make money of them to the highest bidder; and in order to deter a female, or respectable person from obtaining them, a scene of confusion and shouldering of the rudest description was enacted, so boisterous as to

force the persons entrusted with the issuing of the tickets, to make it at last a mere scramble. However wrong or disagreeable this result may be considered, it nevertheless has afforded a good index of the public taste, and the public interest taken in works of Art.

It is something of a cheering nature to find so great a desire on the part of the public to take advantage of an opportunity to view *English pictures* uncontaminated by the varnish and mess of dealers. Why, a greater sensation could not have been created, had the entire collection been composed of genuine obscurely sublime "Correggio's and staff," with Van Daub's master-pieces in the bargain.

We hail the acquisition of Mr. Vernon's Gallery of Arts as a happy turn in the affairs of Art in this country; and we most emphatically say, that, if ever a man deserved a statue erected to his honor for the good effected in the arts of peace, that man is Mr. Vernon,—not merely on account of the gift itself, (no small one) but because he determined to fight the battle of English Art single-handed, and to show the world that pictures of a high character are annually produced by artists of the English school, who are neither knights by position nor academicians by intrigue. Persons who visit his gallery,—now become by his princely gift the property of the nation—will for ever be disabused of the idea that nothing is worthy of being garnered up for the nation but rubbish by old masters, and a few poor specimens of pictures by presidents and be-titled members of the Royal Academy.

This great event—for a great one it is, almost an era in the history of the Arts in this country—will, we confidently predict, be productive of the most beneficial results to the whole English school; for there is scarcely any view which can be taken of the subject that does not immediately discover benefit, present or perspective. In the first place, it exposes the short-sighted views of the ruling powers, who, at the time the National Gallery was built, allowed the architect to humbug them and play into the hands of the Royal Academy, to palm upon the nation one oven to the right, ditto to the left, with two end rooms rather larger; thus insulting the country and rendering it the laughing-stock of foreigners—by calling it a National Gallery! If the whole building had been appropriated to the use of the nation, it would have been filled before now; if plenty of wall had been offered, it was only reasonable to expect that offers of modern pictures would have

been made, and *trade* would have suffered if modern pictures which *can be* understood were permitted to hang beside the splendid productions of pseudo masters whose merits take a whole life to discover, and when discovered are not worth the trouble. Filling a National Gallery with pictures purchased at immense prices, and leaving immense profits on the transaction is naturally a slow process: so it was intended it should be; and so it might have remained, had not Mr. Vernon dissolved the spell, and put a stop to such transactions as those of the ever-memorable Holbein.

Not only has the nation accepted his gift of pictures and statues, but they have generously compelled him to occupy a second-floor lodging in his own house! How long this state of things is to continue—how long England with her proud bearing is thus to trench upon the good-nature of a gentleman, nobody it seems can tell; but one fact is manifest, that the Royal Academy is just now sadly in the way of the nation, and like most obstinate lodgers who do not intend to pay, will stick to the last, unless it should be served with a Scotch ejectment. It is monstrous, that the Royal Academy, with its large revenue taken annually at the doors, should not be turned out of the public property, which it has no right to enjoy. Even supposing that George III. did, in consideration of its being quite an infant society, (apologising for taking a shilling for admission, the catalogue being included!) give the Academy lodgings at the public expense, that is no moral justification for allowing the public gallery to be turned out to accomodate a private society, which occupies public premises and charges a shilling a-head for its landlords to enter, and never pays one halfpenny a-year in rent; it insults hundreds of artists annually by rejecting their works, and some works, too, by artists whose talent has procured them a place for pictures in the Vernon collection!

These facts are now staringly visible, that the contemptible "used-up" building, absurdly called a National Gallery, is unfit, by size, by ventilation, or by its arrangements, for the public use; but that, for a short time, the public purse might be saved by turning out the lodgers in the other side, and appropriating the entire building to the Vernon collection; not by packing the pictures up to the ceiling—imitating the pernicious example of the royal lodgers,—but by hanging all the pictures on the line in such a way that the beauty of their execution may be seen. Let the fine portrait of Sir Joshua,

(one of our greatest men) be hung as fairly as the Gevartius, or the Jew's Head by Rembrandt; let Webster take his place by Teniers, he need not fear comparisons; let Callcott and Wilson be placed in juxta-position with the landscapes by old masters—that will soon expose the trick of puffing up old rubbish. As for the Academy, it is a private society, subsisting upon the hard earnings of the public,—let it go, or become an open public body. If it must confer degrees, let them be unlimited like those of our universities; for, in the present state of Art, to say that "all the talents" are comprised in forty academicians, is so ridiculous, that it requires no comment or elucidation. Let them admit all pictures which a committee (chosen from among the exhibitors of the previous year) may decide upon, then let the allotment of every leading situation be determined by ballot; and when the exhibition is ready, throw open the doors freely to the public: then, indeed, it might be the English Academy. But if the members are determined to act independently, and no longer prey upon the public purse, let them put by each year £1,000, and they will soon be enabled to open a select exhibition, and charge any price they please for admission. The absolute inefficiency of the Royal Academy for national purposes is quite clear from the indisputable fact that, in consequence of their cruel negligence of the great trust reposed in them by the soft, good-natured George III., they have forced their brethren fellow-labourers in Art to expend annually a very large sum:—first, the Old Water-Colour Society, with its rent, taxes, servants, and expenses; secondly, the New-Water Colour Society; thirdly, the Society of British Artists; fourthly, the Free Institution of Modern Art: the aggregate annual expenses of which exhibitions cannot be less than from £3,000 to £4,000; when, if the Academy were properly conducted, with ample separate departments for water-colour painting, sculpture, and architecture, this large expenditure might and ought to be prevented.

A visit to Mr. Vernon's gallery is a source of sincere delight to a real lover of the arts of his own country, for here are treasured up gems by English artists, whose names are entirely unknown to the mass of the public, but whose works may be confidently placed by the side of picture dealers' stock-in-trade. Many of our artists, also, whose lives are preserved by Providence, unwisely continue to exhibit until they have painted down their former reputation. A remarkable instance is that of Mr. Ward, the Royal Academician, whose works of late

years have become the joke of small students, and smaller critics. Let them go to Mr. Vernon's house, see the veteran's works while his vigour was unimpaired, and cease to scoff! So with Stothard, and with Collins. Mr. Etty's works show here also in great strength and harmony, instead of the outrageous patches of colour which he has lately contributed to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Hiltons fine historical picture of "Edith discovering the dead body of Harold," is on the staircase, and to our poor judgment is worth a dozen of the dingy sublime subject, supposed to be by Parmegiano, and puffed up to fetch a great price, and pompously presented to the National Gallery. It is sufficient for us to refer visitors to the descriptive catalogue for particulars. Our remarks are intended to show that the pictures are nearly all of them gems of the first water; many by departed worthies. The selections are so many monuments to their genius and memory: several by poor Wilson, whose talent is *now* acknowledged to be of a high quality; yet he could barely exist by his pencil! Bird, an artist, who from painting tea-trays, became an ornament to the English school; his pictures have as much truth of character as the early productions of Wilkie: this specimen of Bird's talent is a good one, the character and expression thoroughly felt and depicted with boldness and decision. Mulready, too, appears here in his early and in his later style: in the first, Nature seems to have been his instructress; in the last, conventionalities of composition and colour are his guides.

Most foreigners, on visiting England, flock to the National Gallery, and do not trouble themselves to apply for tickets to view private collections. They see a few renowned pictures by the old masters, set off by other very doubtful specimens; four or five pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, two or three by Lawrence, by Wilkie, and Hogarth. They consequently shrug up their shoulders, and wonder at the vanity of the English in thinking the Trafalgar-Square job to be a National Gallery, or that any English school exists. As soon as this fine collection by Mr. Vernon can be added to the National Gallery, and unrestricted admission granted to the public, this national imputation will be removed.

Benefit will also result by the refinement of taste which should be produced by so fine an assemblage of works in portraits, historical, domestic, landscape. marine, and still-life subjects. Let the prizeholders, who are so abused for exercising

an immature or perhaps a false taste, give a few hours to the contemplation of the gems of this collection, and it cannot admit of a doubt that they mend their ways, and not continue to commit the mistakes laid to their charge. Instead of purchasing worthless productions, they would learn here that mere trick, if unaccompanied by higher qualities of Art, cannot give value to such productions. We do hope soon to hear that some decided steps are about to be taken, in order to place this magnificent donation freely and fairly before the public, by establishing it in a gallery suited to the desires of the public, and no longer meanly and unnecessarily intruding the public upon the privacy and good feeling of one of its greatest and most princely benefactors.

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Among the various grades into which Society has conventionally subdivided itself, the most numerous and the most formidable is a class of persons called common-place people.

The three grand elements of which society is formed in this country, are, the higher, the middle, and, the lower classes; each of which is in its turn, subdivided into compartments—as it were, "small by degrees and beautifully less"—until they are so closely merged into one another as to be lost to all but those whose discriminating judgement has formed such nice distinctions.

There can be no doubt that in the higher classes there is more real snobbism than in the middle or even the lower; and the reason appears to be the peculiar constitution of Society which admits men whose capacities render them virtually ineligible for offices they may hold, requiring judgement and prudence for their performance. In the wide range of Creation, Nature has ever been somewhat uncertain; occasionally seeming to delight in a little inconsistency, which perhaps after all has one good object,—that of making us admire what is perfect when we find it.

Education, as a matter of course, does much to better the condition of the common-place mind; it expands the intellectual faculties in every direction, enabling them to cope with the difficulties of learning, and to become acquainted with the advantages of refinement; but if the natural tendency of the individual's mind be common-place, his education does but little to help him;—everything he does, or says, or thinks is common-place. If his station be noble, he shows himself in his true colors by professing to have a profound contempt for those occupying a lower grade,—the very persons who are too good for him, because their position prevents them from entertaining such snobbish ideas with regard to those about them. Though he may be a really well-educated man, and even capped and gowned in some *alma mater*, you will find such people talking about the "opewa," and the "*Dah*-by," or eternally eulogising some "baug-tailed mare," or "tewwier bitch," whose rare qualities seem to stand on a par with those of Jenny Lind or Alboni, and who seem to occupy an equal amount of attention. As a general principle, when in conversation with such a common-place character in high life, you have duly discussed the subjects above mentioned, my lord is fairly "used up,"—he has nothing else to talk about, unless it be to repeat the same over again.

And with the fairer portion of the snobocracy it is but too true, that the same system obtains to an incredible extent. It strikes you with amazement, that the young and beautiful, —the elegant and noble,—should have no ideas beyond cats and canary-birds,—frills, furbelows and flounces! But so it is; and my lady when fairly at a loss for employment, bullys her footman, or brow-beats the lady's maid, or scolds the cook,—all common-place. But it is with what are conventionally termed the "middling" classes that it is our present purpose to deal; for they are by far the most numerous, and consequently, much more freqently met with. The middling classes comprehend a great variety of individuals whose claims to consideration are various, according to their professions, birth, or position. Men of entirely different minds and dispositions are brought together and placed on an equal footing merely as a matter of business, the every-day affairs of life compel them into contact with one another, and a natural interchange of ideas takes place. The matters upon which they meet, being exclusively those of pounds shillings and pence, the more grovelling side of human nature is brought

into view; and hence the mind becomes occupied with ideas of a purely common-place character. Mr. Peter Pippin, of Threadneedle Street, is a common-place man. He considers himself a fair sample of the "middle" classes, for whose rights he is a formidable stickler, and whose wrongs he would willingly revenge. Mr. Pippin is well known on 'change, and is considered a safe card. He has been thirty years in business and has made thirty thousand pounds. He has some grown-up sons, who are all *fast men*. His two daughters are rather pretty, but they have been to Paris, and cannot speak half-a-dozen words without introducing some bad French, the meaning of which is always mysterious, by reason of the mal-pronunciation.

Mr. Pippin is in every sense of the word a "middling"-class man. If you ask him how he is, he tells you he is "middling." Business, when not very bad, is "middling;" but never by any chance whilst making the thirty thousand pounds to which we have alluded does it seem to make him joyful. The only time he seems to relax is upon the annual visit to the theatre, when he goes on purpose to have a good laugh at jokes which nobody else seems to see the point of. He wears a low-crowned beaver hat with a very broad brim, and his nether parts are decked in drab small clothes and gaiters, and he always walks moodily along the street with his eyes cast upon the ground and his hands in his pockets. He kicks a piece of orange-peel off the pavement, and thinks he has saved *somebody's* neck—not his own, oh no! His mind is entirely occupied with the state of the funds and the railway share-market; and he also has an eye to the weather in reference to the harvest, as he speculates in corn. He is a commissioner of pavements—from purely disinterested motives, as he has only got half-a-dozen houses in the neighbourhood which are unlet because the adjoining ones are not paved in front of them, so that Mr. Pippin is a stickler for laying down the pavement and making the landlords pay for it afterwards. His education has been very slender, and his parentage obscure and doubtful; he occasionally speaks of the thrashings he had from his father when he did things not half so bad as those done by his sons, who are "sad dogs." He knows nothing of Latin and Greek; but he can do a common division sum on the back of a business card—which he always carries loose in his pocket—with a stumpy lead pencil; and he invariably erases the little mistakes with the top of his middle finger previously moistened by his tongue.

He never by any chance reads any other publication than "The Times," although if you cast an eye at his book-case or the elegantly-bound books lying on his drawing-room table, you would think he was a literary character of the first order. It cannot be said that Mr. Pippin lives in style, because his house is small and he only keeps two servants; but then Mrs. P. and the girls lend a hand, so that at all events things generally are "middling." He smokes a pipe before he goes to bed, and drinks a glass of gin-and-water with the squeeze of a lemon in it, prior to which he makes Jemima, his firstborn, take off his gaiters and shoes and supply their place with his carpet slippers. Of literature, fine arts, and the drama, he remains in contemptuous ignorance; music, poetry, and painting have no charms for him; and the reason he gives for not troubling his head with them is that they are very bad "trades" out of which there is not even a "middling" living to be got—consequently they are beneath his notice.

Mrs. Peter Pippin is the very woman to be the helpmate of such a worthy as we have attempted to describe. She is very stout and very red, and is always in a hurry and a perspiration. She talks very fast and very loud, and always has a good deal to say about matters that are not of the least importance to anybody else, and she speaks of them as if she expected you to take vast interest in concerns which are not worth the breath expended in describing them. She is always complaining of her servants being impudent or lazy, and yet she makes confidants of them in all her private affairs, and acquaints them with everything that occurs of an unpleasant nature in the family. "Mr. P." is the term by which she either addresses, or speaks of, her husband; and the housemaid and cook know almost every angry word he has uttered since they have been married. If they should happen to quarrel overnight, the maids know all about it the next morning, and somehow or other "Mr. P." as usual is always in the wrong.

Mrs. Pippin cannot think what those horrid people next door can be. A tall melancholy-looking gentleman with moustachios walks out with a pale and delicate-looking lady generally about the middle of the day; and Mrs. P. has made up her mind that the military-looking gentleman ill-treats the delicate-looking lady, because they sing duets together when they come home. And then they do such *very* funny things,—positively buying mackarel at the door when they are ten for a shilling, and never having any nine-o'clock beer like other Christian

families. They are so quiet too—Mrs. P. feels persuaded there is something wrong when people don't make a noise.

Then those young ladies over the way! They are always at the windows, as if they were at all times very desirous to acquaint themselves with the domestic arrangements of "Mrs. P." and family. They even run to the window when Mary comes out to clean the passage and steps and beat the mats, eager to take advantage of the temporary opening of the street-door, as a key to the domestic movements of the P.'s. They are often to be seen with their mouths full, or with bread and butter in their hands; more especially if there be a sudden squeak of a peripatetic Punch in the street, or a hurdy gurdy, or a fantucini, or if two or three tumblers in flesh-coloured tights, should create ever so small a commotion in the thoroughfare.

"The girls" have a great contempt for the young ladies over the way. There is something so *very* vulgar about them. It is quite clear they are common people, or they would not dare to overlook the P.'s as they do, and run away and laugh and come back again and grin as they do when they see the P.'s looking at them. And such bonnets too! Who ever saw such things!

"The girls" play the "Fall of Paris" and the "Battle of Prague" on the piano: in the trumpeting and cannonading of the latter Jemima is very happy, whilst she is complete master of the *piano* pedal in the fife business. They both sing—dreadfully out of tune, and will not condescend to plain English, but must needs assasinate—not execute, gentle reader—the "*Casta Diva*" or "*Sul Margine*" in cold blood. Maria can sometimes be persuaded as a great favour to sing "Fanny Gray," but forgets all beyond the first verse. They dance the Polka and can do the Cellarius with anybody, but they only *waltz* "with their sister." *The P.'s are common-place people.*

There is another variety of common-place people which considered collectively are great bores. We allude to young married women with small families. To come in contact with such people is serious, as it involves a variety of inconveniences. They can seldom talk about anything else but their children—one or two of whom they always take about with them—and endeavour to dodge you into admiration of their innumerable funny little sayings and doings which nobody else's children ever did or said before. Little miss is sure to have a bun or tart with which she approaches your knees, and besmears your kerseys with the greasy product of these delicacies; and you are compelled to kiss the slobbery cheeks of the "babby"

—which is always sure to be cutting its teeth with a rash—and admire the pugnoses and the "toosipegs" if there are any—or woe betide you! And then your single-lady friends are put to the blush by the interesting ceremony of a feed, which a certain uneasiness of purpose and occasional squeak on the part of the "baby" renders immediately necessary, and which mama, nothing loth to keep back any useful information from her single friends, forthwith submits to without any delicacy. Now, no man with a heart in his bosom can do otherwise than love the innocent little juveniles with their dear little dimples and pimples, and the thousand little ways by which they win our admiration: but we may be passionately fond of the tiny types of the Creature, MAN, without having a proportionate affection for sugar-sticks,—from which, infancy seems inseparable. The destruction of clothing by small babies in the course of a year, would be an interesting and valuable statistical enquiry; and we feel sure, that mothers generally, are not aware of the frightful extent to which pantaloons are sacrificed and superfine Saxonies are demolished by the greasy little fingers of their innocent babies. These annoyances are certainly peculiar to the middle classes, for the higher order always confine their progeny to the nursery, or the garden, and the lower never take such liberties.

Perhaps there are few positions more perplexing for a young single man, than that of being thrown into the society of young married women who have got little babies. As a matter of course, mama thinks that the dear little dribbling duck that sits upon her knee is the very finest child that ever anybody saw anywhere; and that Mr. Tiddle—who is a young single friend of her husband's, and is employed by the same firm as a copying clerk—cannot by any possibility think otherwise. Mr. Tiddle's own human nature tells him, that the only way to stand well in the good opinion of his friend's wife, is' to admire and talk to the baby. But there is a little difficulty. Mr. Tiddle knows virtually nothing of moo-cows, gee-gees, bah-lambs, piggy-wiggies, and such-like objects of infantile admiration, nor can he mock their various natural cries for the life of him. He can pat Johnny's cheeks, first on one side, and then on the other, with his fore-finger, or shake his glove in its face, but that is all; the half masticated sponge-cake which Johnny occasionally pulls out of his mouth and endeavours to put on Mr. Tiddle's white trowsers, has all the horrors of a dagger to the feelings of that gentleman, who, although he manages by a strenuous effort to get out of

the way by pretending to munch a portion of the said sponge-cake, by an unexpected but deadly thrust Johnny manages to untie his white cravat, and to deposit a small portion of the above-mentioned confectionary on Mr. Tiddle's shirt-frill. Meanwhile, Mrs. M'Gummy is delighted with Johnny's precocity.—Johnny looks as if he were very anxious indeed to repeat the same little playful pleasantry, and Mr. Tiddle is disgusted with common-place people.

THE OLD HOUSE.

By Colin Rae Brown.

Farewell, old house, although I leave thee,
It is hard to turn away;
And yet, however much it grieve me,
Here, alas! I cannot stay.
Yes! other walls will soon enclose me,
Less familiar to my sight;
But this fond heart will never lose thee;
Thou shalt be its chief delight.
Can I forget the happy faces—
Happy friends in thee I've met?
When of the Past have fled all traces,
Then—then—only, I'll forget!
No! I shall ne'er forget the pleasures
Which erewhile, were mine in thee;
And greatest among memory's treasures
Thou, old house, must ever be.
In thee a father's dying blessing,
Fell upon my saddened ear;
In thee a mother's kind caressing
Oft hath checked my childhood's tear.
I may but recollect to sorrow,
And remember but to sigh,
That there e'er shall dawn a morrow
When on thee will rest mine eye:—
But oh! there is a joy in sadness,
Such as cannot well be sung;
A soothing, softening, voiceless gladness
To the heart for ever young!

Music and the Theatres.

MR. WILSON'S FAREWELL NIGHT.—MR. WILSON, the celebrated Scotch Balladist gave his farewell performance some few nights since at the Exeter Hall; and judging from the reception he met with, there is but little doubt that he is a very great favourite with the lovers of music, and that his talent as a vocalist is highly appreciated. The name of this gentleman has now for some years been familiar to the public, so that it would be superfluous were we to attempt to expatiate on his abilities an artist at the present moment; but this much we will say of him, that as a public servant we believe him to be an unexceptionable example of all that becomes the man and the artist. The purity of expression and natural tenderness thrown into his several strains, coupled with an organ of the most delightful nature, added to the recital of some most agreeably entertaining anecdotes, have rendered his endeavours to amuse the most happy entertainment of the kind that has ever been introduced to our notice.

Mr. Wilson will in a few days depart for America, for the second time, and we can safely guarantee him a most gratifying reception and requital from our facetious friend Brother Jonathan.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—THE happy little Adelphi-family have been attracting crowded audiences at the Haymarket, and the performances of their various dramas, farces, &c., truly entitle them to the palmy term "inimitable," as they are styled in the bills. In no theatre do we ever recollect a company of actors keeping so well together, and bound with so much good-will towards one another, as has been our gratifying task to witness for some years with the Adelphi artists; reflecting as it does, much credit upon themselves, and creating thereby a much greater share of public favour towards them than is accorded to artists constantly on the rove. For our part, we conceive it to be a popular fallacy to suppose that the public are ever pleased with new faces: such, we are convinced, is not the case; they like *res novæ*—fresh scenes, new pieces, and a change of ideas;—this is the grand secret of success with the Adelphi brigade of artists. At this little

theatre, (i. e. the Adelphi) the public can always depend upon seeing every evening, at least a dozen faces that have been for many years familiar to them:—we should think we need not mention names,—but we will do so with great pleasure. There are Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Woolgar, Miss Chaplin, Messrs. Wright, Paul Bedford, O. Smith, Munyard, Cullenford, Lambert, Sanders, and, last, but not least, Madame Celeste; the united exertions of these artists can never fail of success,—that is, as far as pleasing the public goes.

Marylebone.—The Keeleys have been starring for some time at this theatre, and we understand have not been working to no purpose as far as the treasury is concerned; they have been succeeded by Mr. Hudson of the Haymarket, who has appeared in several Hibernian characters, in which he is quite at home; in fact, no one has pleased us so much in the performance of Irish parts, since the melancholy loss of poor Tyrone Power, as does Mr. Hudson. The frequenters of this theatre seem very much to relish the performances of Mr. Hudson, and the broad farces in which he appears.

Olympic.—This little theatre has been opened under the management of one or more parties, and judging from the capital arrangements of the house, the excellent company of actors engaged, the good selection of pieces, with the great attention paid towards ensuring the comforts of the audience, we think it deserving of more support than many other theatres boasting of greater appliances. Altogether, with the present management, there is an agreeable *tout ensemble*, which, from the moment one enters the door to the termination of the performances, is calculated to promote a very favourable impression. The box-keepers are not of the usual class but appear to be highly respectable—their address being proof; this, in itself, is a very great recommendation, for John Bull does not like to be bullied or forced into an imposition—he thinks, and very justly too, that when he has paid his admission into a theatre that he has paid to see something, and that something only being seen from a seat he has no business to be called upon for a second admission while within hearing of what he last paid to see. We are, therefore, much gratified in being able to inform our readers that they can with safety pay this theatre a visit

and not be dunned by the box-keepers ere they obtain a seat. The selection of pieces, as we before stated, has been very good indeed, and the artists engaged therein have given great satisfaction. We must particularize a new drama in two acts, "Time tries all," (by Mr. Courtney, we believe) as being a well worked-up and highly-polished and pleasing piece of authorship; the principal parts being well sustained by Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. F. Vining, and Mr. S. Cowell: the latter-named gentleman was very amusing as a pseudo Frenchman, his make-up being admirable, and his broken English being very naturally done. An amusing farce, under the title of "What to eat, drink, and avoid," has been brought out with great success; and we cannot but think that Mr. Emery, who played Erasmus Topple, must have been made-up for a gentleman who is really the author of the words which form the title of the farce; if not, we are much deceived, for we once or twice could hardly be persuaded but what we really saw Dr. Culverwell on the stage, though we must say that otherwise we saw no allusion made to this gentleman. Mr. Emery is decidedly an artist of great ability; whatever he undertakes is done well; and this remark holds good in reference to his performance of Gismondi in "The Magician," a romantic and historical drama, (by Mr. Shirley Brooks) which has had a tolerably good run for several nights.

Altogether, we congratulate the lessees of this little (formerly pet) theatre, and see no reason why good management should not do for the Olympic now what it did in the palmy days of Madame Vestris: we trust the appearances of the treasury have given satisfaction.

Vauxhall Gardens.—This highly-amusing public resort,—to use the language of one of our weekly contemporaries—"has hitherto been known only as a fairy-land, where in the balmy summer time, the votaries of pleasure following the maxim of the modern Epicurean endeavoured to prove that

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear;"

the spirited lessee, Mr. Wardell, contemplates, however, making this merry resort a place of winter recreation during the ungenial season of the year. We have seen the model,

and should the same be carried out, see no reason on earth why the speculation should not be successful. As far as the management is concerned, we are convinced a great treat will be prepared for us, to say nothing of the great novelty it will prove to us Londoners, who, at this particular season, are wont to sit over a fire (with our knees almost in contact with the grate), shuddering at the bare idea of the snow that is outside, and ruminating on the best plan that could be devised for stopping up the cracks or crevices through which draughts make their intrusion inside.

Mr. Henry Phillips, the popular singer, has been singing with great success at the Surrey Zoological Gardens for several evenings past; and is engaged, we believe, at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Bunn.

Miss Julia Bennett the popular actress of the Haymarket, has lately been married to a Mr. Barrow, a Bath amateur. We consider him highly favoured judging from the numerous competitors we understand he had to contend with.

The Adelphi has been under a state of siege with carpenters, decorators, &c. &c., for some time past, so that we expect to see a great alteration in its internal arrangements.

The Lyceum is, we believe, to be opened shortly, under the same management as before.

The Walhalla has been converted into a dancing saloon under the cognomen or term of *Salle de Valentius*, and certainly, everything has been done to make it a comfortable place for the votaries of Terpsichore. Mr. Pridmore, the lessee, must have expended a good round sum of money in making such a grand display of the decorative art &c., and producing such a combination of brilliancy and comfort.

Sadler's Well's has undergone complete renovation,—in fact, has been considerably enlarged, and has been opened under the same management as that of last season. We hope in our next number to be able to give a lengthened review of the performances, as also an account of the alterations.